ODICAL ROOM
RAL LIBRARY
NIV. OF MICH.

NOV 13

League Personalities by KAPP
Arthur Henderson

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. X. No. 245 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 621
TORY SALESMANSHIP 624
A MARCH ON PARIS? By Alexander Werth . . 625
A LONDON DIARY 626
THIS ENGLAND 628
THE REVOLUTION COMES OF AGE. By Louis Fischer 628
NOBLESSE OBLIGE. By Y. Y. 629
EUTHANASIA. By Harry Roberts 630
CORRESPONDENCE 632
From A. F. W. Hughes; B. A. Young; A. L. Rowse; R. Fletcher; Jocelyn M. C. Toynbee; Col. Maurice Spencer; Phyllis Bottome; A. Ruth Fry; Beatrice King; J. M. G.; Seymour Leslie; Peter Quennell; Joseph Waldmann; V. Scholderer.
A SUNDAY PLOUGHING. By Libby Benedict . . 635
THE COMING SEASON. By W. J. Turner . . 635
W. B. YEATS, DRAMATIST. By R. Ellis Roberts Page 636
PLAYS AND PICTURES 637
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 640
REVIEWS:
Me. By Cyril Connolly 642
Asylum. By L. S. Penrose 644
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 644
Stalin. By Harold J. Laski 646
Autumn Verse—I. By G. W. Stonier . . . 648
Fragments that Remain. By K. John . . . 650
Three Queens. By Renée Haynes . . . 652
Science and the Supernatural. By Humphry House 652
SHORTER NOTICES 654
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 654
CROSSWORD 656
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 658

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

OF the Government's two voices on rearmament, which will be dominant if the National Government returns to power with a large majority? Lord Londonderry and most orthodox Conservatives have throughout the Government's history made it clear that they thought collective security nonsense; they want rearmament for its own sake. But Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain, more cautious by nature and more conscious that in the mind of the public there is a somewhat natural association between war and the preparation for war, speak comforting words about there being no prospect of an armaments race—only an attempt to "fill up the gaps" in our neglected defences in order to be able to play a proper part at Geneva. Curiously Mr. Chamberlain seems to think it unreasonable of the Opposition to reject the Government's plea for rearmament before the country is told what rearmament is proposed. But surely that is a remarkably sound reason. Filling the gaps may mean anything. How much is to be spent and on what? Lord Strabolgi, who writes with authority on this subject, has just explained that even to-day the Services are quarrelling about just how much of the swag each is to get without, apparently, any co-ordinated defence policy in view or any reference to the idea of collective security which, if it means anything, means a pooling of arms with those of other countries and, therefore, less need of large forces or large expenditure on arms.

Our Obsolete Navy

The City at least has no doubts about the result. "Armament shares are the obvious choice in the longish run," says the *Financial News*, "with five years Conservative Government in prospect." Here is the election issue in a nutshell for the investor. Is there really any substance of truth in the talk of our "obsolete Navy," or is it only or mainly propaganda for the investor? Take one of many figures we might give from a useful collection of *Facts and Figures*, just published at sixpence by the New Fabian Research Bureau. £946,000,000 have been spent on the British Navy since April, 1920; are we to understand that this sum has been inadequate to keep the Navy efficient? It seems a lot of money to have spent on a Navy which, we are now told, cannot even play its part in a system of collective security. We do not believe a word of it. Of course, if the real object is to defend the British Empire by our own force against the rest of the world, ten times the amount might have been spent and we should still be defenceless. The truth, as Mr. Lloyd George reminds us once again, is that there is no security in rearmament—only the certainty of war.

The Arms Racket

The evidence which Mr. Noel-Baker gave before the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of Arms supplies one of the most powerful answers to the demand for rearmament. Mr. Noel-Baker played an important part in the Disarmament Conference: he explained how at every point the Conference encountered an organised and stubborn resistance from the private manufacturers, who by their control of newspapers and other methods of propaganda and influence played, in his view, a decisive role in defeating disarmament proposals which would have resulted in a loss of their profits. Private manufacture means that there is an immensely powerful vested interest in war and in preparation for war. It is that interest that will benefit if the Government gets its way. Only a Government which had brought armaments under public control could decently talk even of "filling up the gaps" in our defences. To ask for it in conditions of private manufacture is to ask for a world made safe only for profiteers and war-makers.

Lord Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George

Broadcasting is changing the whole technique of democratic politics. Until now a man without a party has seldom counted for much at an election; to-day he may matter a great deal if he can gain access to the microphone. Hence the rage of the Conservatives when they learned that Lord Snowden, who now belongs to no Party but who was the Government's bitter and effective ally in 1931, was to give one of the three wireless talks allotted to the Liberals. No wonder Mr. Churchill hurled abuse at Lord Snowden when he recommended electors to vote Labour if they had no Liberal to vote for! Lord Snowden, who is a good rather than a consistent hater, no longer feels that Labour's programme, which has not materially altered since 1931 and which he himself once helped to form, is "Bolshevism run mad." On the present occasion he went farther than we should do in denouncing the National Government, which it has always seemed to us, had as good a "mandate" as most for introducing Protection in 1931, and which, in the field of domestic politics, has not really been more reactionary than Lord Snowden or anyone else who supported it had any right to expect. But Lord Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George are, of course, right in denouncing the Government's complacency about the depressed areas, and Mr. Lloyd George has at least an embryonic organisation of his own with which to reinforce his broadcast appeal. In his characteristic speech at the Kingsway Hall, he tells us that the Council of Action's questionnaire is being filled up by candidates of all Parties, in spite of official disapproval. It will certainly add piquancy to the new Parliament if it includes a number of Conservatives as well as Labour and Liberal members pledged to Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal.

Italy Prepares for Sanctions

The net of sanctions is closing slowly—no one yet knows how surely—on Italy. The arms embargo, for what it is worth, has already been put in force by forty members of the League. The ban on financial assistance has been agreed to by the majority of States. And as we write the delegates are assembling at Geneva to decide on the date of application of the trading embargoes. These, and particularly the prohibition of imports from Italy, are what really matters. That there will be holes in the net everyone knows; there are Germany and the United States outside the League, and inside it there are some Italophil States and others looking to their own private interests. But Mussolini is at any rate taking the business seriously. A whole series of restrictions is to be put into operation immediately—restrictions on the sale of meat, on meals in hotels and restaurants, on the use of paper in public departments and newspaper offices—and efforts will be made to increase food supplies by the killing of more game. Luxury expenditure is to be cut down; women especially are abjured to forgo their lipstick and other finnimbruns, and "Buy Italian" is to be the general motto. All this is mere prudence on the Duce's part, and it will probably at the outset enhance the patriotic enthusiasm for his war. The pressure of economic sanctions, under the limitations with which they are to be applied, will necessarily be gradual, and may never become intolerable.

France's Economic Chaos

The complex and dangerous political situation in France is discussed in a remarkable article by Mr. Alexander Werth which appears in our columns this week. Behind this political crisis there lies an economic crisis—a crisis which will continue in one form or another until France devaluates. Meanwhile M. Laval, having won his reprieve from the Radical-Socialist Congress, has to face the immediate economic issues as best he may. His Government has already been defeated in committee by a proposal to mitigate the severity of the salary-cuts in the case of the poorer wage-earners, with similar modifications for the holders of small pensions and small incomes from *rentes*. At the same time, the unsoundness of the public finances is again getting unpleasantly plain. The attempt to balance the budget by economy and deflation have definitely failed, the revenue falling off as fast as the expenditure, so that the short-term debt of the Government to the banks is again getting very near the limit, and very soon there will be a sheer necessity for a new public loan. The "left" proposes to replace the sums lost by its intended concessions to the poorer taxpayers by raising the income—and property taxes on the richer classes—to which the financiers will take strong objection as a further "threat to confidence." Even the Socialists dare not face the issue of devaluation; indeed, it looks to-day as if devaluation will eventually come, not as the part of anyone's deliberate policy, but as an incidental result of street fighting and political chaos.

European Elections

Socialist gains in Denmark: Switzerland no change. That is, in brief, the outcome of the two General Elections that have taken place in Europe during the past week. The Danish Government has done exceedingly well in coming through a General Election with an increased majority after six years of office during a period of great economic difficulty. Moreover, the Socialists' allies, the Radicals, have maintained their position, and the heaviest losses are those of the big farmers who were most vehement against the Government's agricultural policy.

The Conservatives, the largest opposition party, lost one seat. Their strength and influence in the country is considerable; behind the party proper is a force of at least 50,000 "Young Conservatives," highly organised on disciplinarian—though not Fascist—lines. The Danish success is another sign that moderate Socialism under competent leadership is not necessarily the losing card in times of economic depression. In Switzerland, on the other hand, Socialist hopes of huge electoral gains have been falsified, losses in Geneva and Zurich about balancing wins in other areas. The so-called Radicals, who are in fact the Conservatives, will go on governing Switzerland for a further period, as they have governed it ever since 1848. Fascism and other "new party" movements have nibbled at the Radical majority, but not enough to shake its control. The result of the elections probably means that Switzerland will do as little as she possibly can by way of applying economic sanctions against Italy.

The Spanish Scandal

A twopenny halfpenny—or to be more exact a £15,000—scandal has produced another Cabinet crisis in Spain. An enterprising Dutchman invented a new form of roulette, and despite the laws prohibiting gambling, he managed to get this tried at San Sebastian and elsewhere. The experiment, however, was soon stopped by the police, and the disappointed promoter thereupon demanded the return of his "expenses"—amounting, it is said, to £14,000 or £15,000, a good deal of which appears to have gone, either in cash or in the form of gold watches, into the pockets of officials and politicians. The whole business was eventually exposed; Ministers, who were involved directly or indirectly, resigned; and the Premier, Señor Chapaprieta, was asked by the President to reconstruct the Government. This he has done by dropping the veteran Radical leader, Señor Lerroux, and his associate Señor Rocha, the Minister of Education. They are replaced by two others of their party, and the Conservative-Radical Coalition is thus continued. But the affair has undoubtedly weakened the Radicals, and still further strengthened the position of the Right, and particularly of Señor Gil Robles, the leader of the Catholics and the ablest of all the Spanish reactionaries.

Unification and the Miners

What the Government means by "unification" of royalties, as promised in their election address, perhaps they know. Certainly no one else does. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald, in their expositions of the Government's policy in respect of royalties, both used this same word "unification," but threw no light upon its meaning. Does it mean nationalisation—the word being avoided as a concession to Tory sensibilities? Or has the Government devised some remarkable new plan for unifying royalties under public control without nationalising them? If so, we should like to know what it is, preferably before election day. For the rest, both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald talked a good deal about their deep sympathy with the miners and their intention to persuade the coal-owners to set up selling machinery in every coalfield. With this postdated promise of no one quite knows what the Government seems to think the Miner's Federation ought to rest content. But the miners, in many places, are half-starving now; and even if the establishment of selling agencies brought all the advantages that are being promised, the wage-paying capacity of the industry could hardly be affected before 1937 at soonest. Does the Government really expect to be able to sell the miners a marketing pig in so very remote a poke? Surely not, when it remembers the promises that have continually been held out to the miners ever since the Sankey Commission sixteen years ago. However, the Government had to think up some sort of an answer to the miners' claims so that National candidates should have something plausible to say before audiences safely distant from the coalfield areas. But plausibility will not solve the miners' problem nor even save the country another miners' strike.

Divorce

In summing up the evidence given in a complicated divorce suit in which both parties had asked for the discretion of the Court, Mr. Justice Bucknill said that the question was whether he should grant a dissolution of marriage when the man and woman "were tied together in a state hardly to be called matrimony; it was such a polluted affair." He granted the divorce in the belief that it was "in the best interests of the parties and the community" that the marriage should be dissolved. What sane man could doubt that Mr. Justice Bucknill was right? And yet the opposite and insane principle that the farcical marriage in which each of the parties is unfaithful to the other and wants a divorce is just the type of marriage for which it is most difficult to obtain a dissolution, is so deeply entrenched in this country that Mr. Justice Bucknill's enlightened pronouncement sounded positively startling. Last week we welcomed the excellent remarks of the Lord Chief Justice on the need for divorce reform: Mr. Justice Bucknill's comment is a further sign that a more reasonable attitude to divorce has penetrated at least to the judicial mind.

Autumn Literary Number

Havelock Ellis will deal with Freud's *Autobiography* in next week's Literary Supplement, R. H. Tawney with *Christianity and Communism*, David Garnett with H. G. Wells's film version of his *Shape of Things to Come*, and J. L. Myres with the Nonesuch edition of *Herodotus*. Other articles and reviews will include H. J. Laski on H. N. Brailsford's *Voltaire*, G. D. H. Cole on Hamilton Fyfe's *Keir Hardie*, G. W. Stonier on Jules Renard, Peter Quennell on Hans Andersen, J. H. Driberg on several new books on Abyssinia, Conal O'Riordan on Caulaincourt's *Memoirs* and George Rylands on *The New Book of English Verse*. Other reviews by John Hayward, Cyril Connolly, John Beevers, and Edward Sackville West. The issue will also include a short story by Ralph Bates and an article by Aldous Huxley on the recent administration in Great Britain of the law relating to obscene publications.

Next Week's KAPP

The subject of next week's portrait by Kapp will be Sir Samuel Hoare. The drawing will be accompanied by a character study written from personal knowledge.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

TORY SALESMANSHIP

THE art of salesmanship has been defined as the art of selling people what they do not want in such a way that they come back and ask for more. The National Government's two election manifestoes, issued last week-end, are to be understood as essays in this remarkable art. The chief aspiration of the National Government just now is to "sell confidence"—to use the undoubted though limited economic recovery of the past two years as a means to securing a fresh mandate from the electors. The Government is not, however, too confident of the success of this appeal to confidence, unless it can be reinforced in other ways; and accordingly we have the attempt to combine an appeal to its record in home affairs with an exhortation to the people to rally round it in defence of the League Covenant and the idea of collective security.

The foreign policy appeal is likely to play a diminishing part as the electoral campaign proceeds. People know enough about Sir John Simon's triumphant career at the Foreign Office to laugh when the manifesto says that "the League of Nations will remain, *as heretofore*, the keystone of British foreign policy." And the Government is now putting so much emphasis on rearmament and so little on stopping Mussolini's war that the elector is already asking whether, after all, Hoare is a frost and Eden betrayed. Therefore the Government's new enthusiasm for social reforms. Let us see what its promises amount to and judge, if we can, what it will do if it gains a new lease of power. If the two manifestoes issued last week-end are to be taken at their face value, it proposes to do a good deal for education, and remarkably little elsewhere. The Means Test, easily the most unpopular of its impositions, is wholeheartedly defended, with none but the vaguest promises that its conditions will be even relaxed. The ludicrously feeble steps taken to save the Depressed Areas are held up as a token of the Government's good intentions, with no promises of more far-reaching action or even of enlarging the Commissioners' wholly inadequate powers. The miners are told bluntly that, lacking a reorganisation of coal marketing arrangements, there is no way of paying them a living wage, and they will not be reassured by Mr. MacDonald's new warning to the owners. We have heard that the owners were to be coerced into reorganisation ever since 1919, and the industry remains in chaos. Mr. Elliot's marketing schemes and Mr. Runciman's trade treaties are both praised, with no hint of a conflict of policy between them, or of the reactions of higher farm prices, under existing conditions, on the housewife's purchasing power. Much is made of the building boom, without a suggestion of what the Government must know full well from its expert advisers—the likelihood of an early break. The one real hope held out of improved employment is related directly to rearmament, with which the Government, if it comes back to power, wholeheartedly means to press on. Lip-service is paid, of course, to agreed disarmament; but in the meantime Great Britain is to get down to serious rearmament, and "the new orders required for defence purposes will undoubtedly bring a considerable volume of work and employment into some parts of the country which hitherto have been most hard hit by the heavy depression." After that, what more can the Depressed Areas want? Armaments to the rescue, in Great Britain even as it has been in Nazi Germany! On top of all this comes the Government's separate manifesto about education; and here the window has been dressed with obvious art. The Government will raise the school-leaving age to fifteen. It sounds a good beginning. But in reality the Government explains in the next sentence it will do nothing of the kind. Local authorities will be empowered to grant exemption for "beneficial employment"—which means for any employment at all—and also a novel suggestion, on account of "home duties." This effectively neutralises the offer. On these terms the alleged raising of the school age will mean next to nothing. The brighter children, who find employment most easily, will be the first to leave school. Those retained will know that, as soon as they get work that can be described as "beneficial," their attendance will cease, so that a well-planned course of education will be out of the question. Parents, seeing other children get jobs which their own might have got, will be not unreasonably exasperated. Local education authorities will be faced with an impossible task. Are those in mining and textile districts, for example, to grant exemptions for the coal and cotton industries? If they do, nothing will be changed. If they refuse them, they will be declaring, in effect, that the principal occupations of their areas are unfit for children to enter. Some, doubtless, will take that course; others, certainly, will not, with the result that there will be an outcry against inequality of treatment and unfair competition. In reality, of course, the very special pleading by which the Government attempts to justify its proposal would, if applicable at all, be equally valid as an argument against retaining children at school till fourteen, or, for that matter, thirteen. Its actual motive in insisting on exemptions is quite simple. It is to evade the demand for maintenance allowances, and to throw a discreditable sop to its agricultural Members. Nor is that all. No date is fixed even for this partial raising of the school age. "The Act will not come into operation until there has been time to complete the considerable preparations which will first be needed." When will that be? After the General Election after next?

But there is more to come. School building is to be resumed; and the restrictions on free places and reduced fees in secondary schools are to be removed. Defective premises and large classes are to be progressively reduced. The ablest children are to be enabled "to proceed from the lowest rung of the educational ladder to the highest without being hindered in their progress by any lack of means." Who would suppose that these brave words express no more than a decision to remove the special hindrances imposed on education by the Government itself in the panic of 1931? Yet that is all they do; and that, in effect, is all the Government is offering in the whole of its educational programme. There is, perhaps, one exception: there is to be more technical education, than which "no part of our educational system is of greater importance." The new programme for remedying defects in this field is to be worked out "with the co-operation of the local authorities and of industry"; or, in other words, the industrialists are to be reconciled to a partial raising of the school-leaving age by wholesale exemptions of children in part-time attendance at technical schools. We feel no

hostility to technical education; but, if it is to do its work well, it must come as an addition to, and not as a substitute for, a comprehensive system of real secondary education for all normal children.

Finally, there is the difficult question of building grants to non-provided schools. The Government's plain intention is to make these grants in such a way as to enable the denominational schools to establish a firm hold over the new Hadow system of secondary education, wherever that system is permitted to struggle into existence at all. For, "during a limited period," local authorities are to be empowered "to make building grants to managers of voluntary schools for the purposes of raising the age and reorganisation, *including, in special circumstances, grants in aid of new senior schools.*" We venture to predict that, if the Government gets its way, these "special circumstances" will be discovered to arise very often.

The Government's educational manifesto calls for this special examination because it is the only part of its policy which is put forward with any approach to detail. Elsewhere, speciousness is replaced by vagueness, and there is in effect an appeal for a renewal of the blank cheque, or "doctor's mandate." As Mr. Baldwin himself puts it, he asks for the same confidence to be given to him as was given to Mr. MacDonald in 1931. And the meaning of that ingenuous demand is plain. The Government is trying to fight this election over the League issue, because it is conscious of the weakness of its record, and even more of what it has to offer for the future, in home affairs. Actually, it offers nothing beyond a hope that the world economic situation will continue to improve, as it has done for some time past, and that Great Britain without conscious effort will have some share in that improvement. But suppose the world situation does not improve, what then? We are to put our faith in the economic effects of rearmament, *plus* Mr. Elliot's plans for raising further the price of food. The unemployed are to put up with the Means Test, the miners with their present low wages, the Distressed Areas with a few more concessions to the Special Commissioners from a reluctant Treasury. At all costs, we are told, confidence must be maintained; and the "confidence" required is that of the investing class which can be relied on to support the National Government.

A MARCH ON PARIS?

THE present situation in France is enough to baffle the most expert connoisseurs of French politics. It has no precedent in France or equivalent in any other country. From the outset we should avoid all such ready-made formulas as "France on the eve of Fascism," "another march on Rome," "the last battle of democracy," or "Laval the traitor," and so on. Heaven knows we who have sat through the last Radical Congress have had dates and analogies thrown at us galore; like a pair of competing history masters, Daladier and Herriot have told us all about the Tiers État, and 1789, and the Jacobins, and Brumaire, and the Coup d'État of Napoleon III, and the loss of liberty that ended in Waterloo and Sedan, and all about General Boulanger—"a more dangerous *charmeur* than Colonel de la Rocque"—and the Dreyfus Case that ended in the triumph of French democracy. And Herriot appealed to the high authority of Michelet and Victor Hugo, and Daladier, imagining himself in the role of the *poilu* of Verdun, continued to exclaim that "le Fascisme ne passera pas." He then told us all about the invincible alliance of the Tiers État and the Proletariat, which had captured the Bastille in 1789, and was now called the Popular Front. And Herriot, much as he dislikes the Socialists and Communists, did not wince. *On a senti passer un souffle républicain*, Léon Blum wrote the next day in the *Populaire*. In short—French democracy rising in the face of the Fascist menace.

Actually, none of these comparisons with Brumaire and the rise of Boulanger was very apt. It is all rather more complicated. The *dramatis personae* are not simply Fascists and anti-Fascists, but Fascists of a large variety of shades, and anti-Fascists of an even greater variety of shades, and in the middle of the battle—M. Laval. Rather in the background at the moment—but present, for all that—are the bankers and the distressed Minister of Finance measuring his deficit with a yardstick.

The issue over which the political battle is raging in France at present is not, however, the Budget, but the Fascist Leagues. The problem dominated the Radical Congress from beginning to end. The financial situation and even the international situation were of second-rate importance. Herriot, it is true, made a heart-felt speech on the value of the co-operation between France and England, the two great western democracies, and gave high praise to the League and the ideals it stood for; and Jacques Kayser, not being a member of the Government, criticised M. Laval more openly by saying that England had been deeply wounded "not so much by the substance of France's policy as by her psychological attitude—by her resistance and hesitation." For all that, nobody breathed a word about a naval blockade or sanctions other than economic sanctions; and Pierre Cot, who, perhaps alone among the Radicals, shares the pro-sanctionist views of the majority of the British Labour Party in this matter, was asked by the Radical leaders to keep quiet. These leaders do not deny that the somewhat negative attitude of French public opinion towards a wholehearted League policy in relation to Italy was created by months of pro-Italian and, latterly, anti-British propaganda; but they frankly confess that this propaganda has been extraordinarily successful, and that it is possible to counteract it only to some extent—for the French public, they say, are not prepared to go beyond economic sanctions, League or no League. Not only Radicals, but Socialists and Communists have told me the same thing. "What can we do," one of them exclaimed, raising his arms in a gesture of not perhaps altogether genuine despair, "against the entire capitalist press?"

The Congress, however, was dominated, as I have already said, by the question of the Fascist Leagues. On this question again Laval was criticised, but cautiously. The Radicals did not show themselves fundamentally hostile to him, as they did to Doumergue a year ago, when that mediocre and senile politician suddenly imagined himself to be a man of destiny—a Führer, a Mussolini, a new Joan of Arc. Laval is a thousand times slicker than Doumergue. He never quarrels finally with anybody—with the Left any more than with the Right, and he has devoted friends among the Communists (*vide* the Senate election) as he has in the Croix de Feu. Even with those who are not his friends he continues to be on speaking terms. "Normally," a particularly experienced French observer told me, "any French premier in Laval's present position should inevitably be overthrown by the Chamber at its very first meeting; but with Laval one can never be absolutely sure of anything. His slickness is quite extraordinary."

What exactly is Laval's present position? Before Parliament rose for the summer recess a deputation of the Left parties drew Laval's attention to the activities of the Croix de Feu. Laval, to sweeten their tempers, declared that he was devoted to the republican regime, that he owed everything to the Republic, and he could be depended upon to defend it. If, he said, the Croix de Feu tried to fly their aeroplanes over Paris on July 14th, they would be chased down, and terrible reprisals would be taken. The deputation, greatly reassured, left it at that. On July 14th, the Croix de Feu marched up the Champs Elysées—it was a counter-demonstration to the simultaneous Front Populaire rally in the East—but no Croix

de Feu aeroplanes were flown over Paris and everything passed off very quietly. It was whispered that it was all done " by arrangement with M. Laval " who, as is well known, is not on bad terms with Col. de la Rocque either, though the exact nature of these terms is a little uncertain.

In August and the first half of September the Croix de Feu, like all good French bourgeois, were *en villégiature*, that is, bathing, or climbing hills, or drinking Vichy water. Nothing was heard of them. But then, towards the end of September, they reappeared again, full of renewed energy. Here and there, there were a few clashes between them and Communists; and, in spite of M. Laval's verbal veto, numerous " giant " rallies were held in various places in France, but always on some private estate, where they would arrive without warning to the authorities, in fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand motor cars. The press of the Left raised a howl. Military exercises . . . march on Paris . . . invasion of the Red suburbs, with preliminary occupation of the bridges . . . in short, a *Putsch* in the near future! The *Populaire* revealed an alleged strategic plan for the occupation of the Paris suburbs, and the *Oeuvre* published a speculative account about a hundred or more private villas around the Bois de Boulogne, owned by Croix de Feu sympathisers, where the *Putsch* army could be concentrated before marching on Paris.

The alarm on the Left was growing (though I confess that even a leading Socialist journalist told me that he thought it " horribly exaggerated "), and on the eve of the Radical Congress M. Laval offered a sop to the Radicals, whose Ministers, he feared, might abandon him if he showed no determination at this point to " defend the Republic." He agreed to three decrees providing for some control of firearms, prohibiting the existence of anti-republican associations and ordering that notice should be given to the authorities several days in advance of any proposed meeting to be held in a public place.

Perhaps M. Laval overestimated the readiness of the Radicals to be so easily satisfied, and also their unwillingness to quarrel with him at any price, in view of the obvious difficulty of finding a new Government, and in view of the unpreparedness of the Left to take power before the general election. It is well known that the Socialists will simply not hear of it. The dissatisfaction with the three " Anti-Fascist " decrees, which were denounced as inadequate by the Left and welcomed as ineffective by the Right, was greater at the Radical Congress than M. Laval had perhaps expected, and in the end the Radicals decided that further co-operation with Laval would be rendered impossible if he did not do something more about the Leagues. The resolution the Congress passed demanded that Bills should be put before the Chamber immediately on its reassembly providing for the " effective dissolution " of the anti-republican Leagues, and extending the rule that notice must be given of public meetings to include all semi-military meetings even when held on private grounds.

What is M. Laval going to do about it? Perhaps we shall know before this article appears in print. There are even some who say that he may resign within the next few days if he fails to agree with the Radicals. Until October 31st M. Laval still has the right to legislate by decree, and the rumour is current to-day that he has offered to make a bargain with the Radicals. He will enforce their anti-Fascist measures by decree, provided they give him authority to pass the 1936 budget by decree, that is, without any further discussion of the unpopular deflation measures taken since June—and provided also the General Election is postponed until 1938. The implications of such a solution are so big that they cannot conveniently be discussed here until the report of M. Laval's offer is confirmed. All that can be said now is that it might, in certain conditions, confer enormous powers upon him; and would not necessarily put an end to the Fascist Leagues. Only, their function and their outward appearance would become different. They would no longer threaten the Republic, but might become part of the Republic—that new Republic which might gradually evolve under M. Laval's guidance.

When I speak of the " Leagues " in this connection, I mean, of course, the Croix de Feu; for neither M. Laval, nor anybody else, thinks much of the Solidarité, the Francistes, and the other imitation Nazis, or would hesitate to crush and dissolve them if necessary. They are of no importance. But the Croix de Feu are treated as a thing apart, not only by Laval, but even by many people of the Left, who consider them as a vital, earnest, and " genuinely French " movement, corresponding to a peculiarly French *état d'esprit*. A young Croix de Feu man explained to me at great length the other day that they were not contemplating a *Putsch*, that they were " definitely anti-Fascist," that they hated both Hitler and Mussolini, and that they would gradually create in France a National Socialism, " something quite French, in accordance with France's tradition of liberty, in fact, something *très à gauche*, involving a large measure of legislation against banks and insurance companies, and with no connection whatsoever with Hitler or Mussolini."

Such ideas undoubtedly exist among the rank and file of the Croix de Feu; only when one looks at their leaders one finds it all much less convincing. Colonel de la Rocque himself is (or at any rate was, until recently) a big business man closely connected with the electrical and other big industries; and big business and finance play an undeniable part in the running and financing of the movement. So the illusion that some people seem to have that a newer and younger French Republic may be built up with the help of the " admirable human material " of the Croix de Feu movement is an extremely dangerous one. For one thing, the very first " liberal " measure that such a new Republic would take would be to hang Blum and Cachin.

All this is in the future or—in fantasy. The other possibilities are that, when the Chamber meets, M. Laval will meet the Radicals half way, by agreeing to accept their resolution in some modified form. Will they accept this new sop—or will they overthrow him? Does it follow that if they overthrow him there will be " a march on Paris "? For my own part, I doubt it. The Croix de Feu are greatly divided on the question of tactics—there are many who say that provincial France must first be won over—and La Rocque is, if anything, cautious. Besides, public opinion would not be unduly revolted by the overthrow of Laval; which means that the atmosphere for a *Putsch* would not be suitable. Moreover, the idea of rushing France into a civil war is causing a great deal of hesitation among the Croix de Feu themselves. If Laval is overthrown it is perfectly conceivable that a stop-gap Government (perhaps with the same Laval at the Quai d'Orsay) will be formed to carry on until the election. Or perhaps Mandel—which would be something much more spectacular—would appear on the scene, though there are various reasons why this is less probable.

But Laval being Laval, it is not even certain that he will be overthrown. He has hitherto been extraordinarily clever in manoeuvring his majority. What is more, the Left have certainly no desire to form a Government before the election, and especially in view of the financial difficulties that are looming large in the near future.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, October 29th.

A LONDON DIARY

AN unusual feature of this election is that all Parties are privately rather pessimistic about the results. This is probably explained by a certain absence of enthusiasm in the electorate, which assumes that the National Government will get back into power anyhow and which is confused by a superficial similarity in the avowed policies of the Parties. Party organisers are therefore in the position of suitors for the hand of a lady who responds with distressingly little emotion to their advances. Failing to get any kick out of their courtship, they are naturally pessimistic about their success. This means, I think, that Labour will do better than is commonly expected. A National Government thrives on panic and

excitement. People have forgotten what an astonishing number of usually safe Labour seats stampeded into the National camp in 1931, and unless Mr. Baldwin's organisers have some kind of last minute Red Letter up their sleeves (which is quite likely) a large fluctuating vote which plumped for patriotism and economy in 1931 will regard Major Attlee's appeal as moderate and sensible (Sir Stafford Cripps is conveniently out of the limelight) and follow Lord Snowden's advice and vote against the Government, on the ground that "Socialism is not the issue this time," and that a strong Opposition is all to the good and will keep the Government up to scratch.

* * *

This brings me to the most curious paradox of the election. Obviously only half the Cabinet sincerely believes in the League or collective security: the other half minds only about rearmament. They were driven into united support of the League in September partly because Mussolini's intransigence frightened the Imperialists and partly because Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden were strengthened by reports from constituencies all over the country that public opinion, as expressed in the Peace Ballot, would turn out any Government that sabotaged the Covenant. But the two voices still remain in the Cabinet and its attitude to the League after the election depends very largely on whether the pressure of pro-League opinion is maintained. Therefore we have the odd situation that though the Government is basing its appeal on its loyalty to the League every member of Parliament who is returned in Opposition and every seat the Government loses increases the chances of the Government's election policy being carried out!

* * *

People who are in doubt about the motives or the probable permanence of the Government's conversion to the League system had better read *Inquest on Peace*, a 350-page book published to-day by Gollancz at the astonishingly low price of 3*s*. 6*d*. I know of no other political book which similarly embodies knowledge, expertise, vigour and wit. The authors are "Vigilantes," who were responsible for *The Dying Peace* and *Abyssinia*, the two NEW STATESMAN pamphlets which are still being sold and quoted all over the place. The book brings the story of the Government's foreign policy right up to date—surprisingly it deals with events that only happened a week or two ago—and it has a brilliant final chapter which shows, on the basis of official documents, how the war in Abyssinia and the bigger war that is threatened ultimately arise from the fact that in a capitalist world, Governments are unable to carry out their own good intentions and pursue policies dictated by the sectional interests of industrial and financial groups. "Vigilantes" insist that all the members of the Cabinet have wanted and still *want* peace—they merely pursue divided policies that lead to war. If I had space I should like to quote chunks of this book. There is, for instance, the passage towards the end about the people who go to Germany with the best intentions and visit Hitler and come back to advocate policies which unfortunately fit in with those of the more sinister people who want to buy off Hitler in the West by encouraging him to think that he can wage war against Russia with impunity. This policy is described as combining "the iron logic of Mary Baker Eddy with the lofty idealism of Machiavelli!" The great value of the book, however, lies in the cumulative effect of the massed evidence. I do not pretend that "Vigilantes" are "non-partisan," but if the effect they produce is devastating that is because the facts they produce are unanswerable.

* * *

Last Sunday's demonstration in Hyde Park to protest against Nazi persecution was remarkable for the all-party character of its platform. Mrs. Despard was there, incredibly old and stalwart and more like an eagle than ever; the Catholic and Protestant Churches were represented; Professor Haldane made a remarkable speech in a voice that made nothing of the competition of a couple of brass bands; the Lords and the Commons, Conservatives, Liberals, Labour, Trade Unions and ex-servicemen all supplied speakers. Typically, the *Evening News* on Monday published a vicious attack entitled "Trouble-makers Unlimited," in which the B.B.C. was denounced for referring to this meeting and giving "the impression that people of all parties supported the demonstration." As it happened this was the true impression—a point that the *Evening News* did not think worthy of remark. The organising secretary of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Council, which got the meeting up, tells me that he has since tried, of course without success, to persuade the *Evening News* to give a list of the speakers, so that its readers could judge whether the meeting was or was not genuinely non-sectarian. I could have told him that he was wasting his time.

* * *

Years ago I wrote a book that many people praised and very few read. I think the best review of it appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement*. It was an unusual review, because it contained a hint of real value to the author as well as what I regarded as a very just appraisement of the merits of the book. Unfortunately it appeared among the short reviews on the "other books" pages which from a typographical point of view have served, until now, as museum specimens to remind us how newspapers used to be laid out fifty years ago. It has long been a mystery why the one paper which is wholly devoted to books should have thought its high reputation only compatible with a dreary and almost unreadable appearance. I am sure that the brilliant anonymous essays that have appeared from time to time on the front page of the *Literary Supplement* by people as famous as T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf and Edmund Blunden have been missed by hundreds of people who would have rushed to read them if they had not been put off by the paper's uninviting format. This week some break has been made with tradition. The *Times Lit.* is to come out on Saturday instead of Thursday in future, and it has a new and greatly improved, though still properly conservative, make-up, which includes readable headings, occasional signed articles and a few illustrations. Most important, there is more space everywhere. It will be possible to read the correspondence without eye-strain, and the type of the short reviews on the "other books" pages is no longer an insult to the reviewers or to the books reviewed.

* * *

The oddest historical deduction I've yet seen about the war comes from a Professor Trexlar, who is professor of history in the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas. According to the *Liverpool Echo* Professor Trexlar holds that Italy cannot win the Italo-Ethiopian war because she is unlucky enough to be named first of the two countries fighting. He quotes the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the Sino-Japanese war of 1894–5, the Spanish-American war of 1898–9, the Russo-Japanese war of 1905–6, and the Turko-Italian war of 1911–12. "In every modern war between two countries," he says, "the nation given first place in the naming of the conflict has lost. There is no exception." This is really very bad luck for Mussolini.

* * *

Some people say that Cockney humour is declining. Perhaps it is. But this amused me, absurd though it is. The passenger fell into conversation with a 'bus conductor on the subject of the old days of horse-buses. The conductor said: "Yes, the driver of this 'bus has been on the road for twenty-five years. He used to drive a pair of bantams and a couple of Buff Orpingtons!"

* * *

Heard on a 'bus and guaranteed genuine.

1st Girl: When's the Election?
2nd ditto: What Election?
1st Girl: I don't know. I've seen it up somewhere.
2nd ditto: We've got a vote, haven't we?
1st Girl: Yes. I've used mine once or twice.
2nd ditto: I've moved about so much the Censor would have a job to find me.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. N. A. B. Wilson.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A voice then asked him if the shilling which is being added to children's benefits will be given to men on the P.A.C. (Public Assistance Committee). Mr. MacDonald: "Oh, I don't know what all these A.B.C.'s mean. Let us use God's English.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald reported in *News Chronicle.*

A man 76 years old who has been sentenced to over 35 years' imprisonment in 44 years and has spent 11 of the last 13 years in gaol was at London Sessions yesterday sentenced to three years' penal servitude for housebreaking and then to five years' preventive detention as an habitual criminal. He gave the name of George Ray, but he was stated to have convictions in six other names. Sums stolen by him have at no time amounted to more than a few pounds. Ray said: "I would rather steal than beg, and I won't go to the workhouse; my pride prevents me."—*News-Chronicle.*

"Britain, I am convinced, is the only place in the world where you can obtain a square meal—one that is satisfying and nutritious."—*Lyons Sports Sheet.*

Another interesting woman candidate is Miss F. E. Scarborough, who will oppose Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the Socialist, at Ebbw Vale, with unusual electioneering methods. She writes her election address in verse and sets it to music.—*Evening Standard.*

"Sometimes I wish myself that God would send double pneumonia to Mussolini," confessed the Rev. Robinson Whittaker, speaking at East Ham.—*Empire News.*

Although I am a Conservative, and have the support of the Conservative party, I do not agree with the introduction of party politics into local government, and should, if elected, strongly oppose Socialism in all its forms.—Election manifesto.

To people distracted by war and a General Election some message of reassurance in established order may be conveyed by the announcement made under "Hunting Appointments" that, on Friday, November 1st, the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds will meet by invitation at Lower Swell in the Heythrop country, "confined by request to members, subscribers and farmers in the Beaufort and Heythrop Hunts."—*Evening Standard.*

THE REVOLUTION COMES OF AGE

In the U.S.S.R. eighteen is the age of maturity. On November 7th, 1935, the Bolshevik revolution comes of age. In many respects, the Soviet regime has accomplished more, in many respects, less than its leaders and supporters expected eighteen years ago. When the Bolsheviks had been in power seventy-one days, Lenin was as happy as a child. For the Bolshevik State had broken the record of the Paris Commune. Every additional day in office was an achievement in that early period. Now the Soviets are as stable as any bourgeois government and firmer than many.

The Soviet Government, however, was not established merely that it might exist. What has it proved and what has it achieved? It has demonstrated that a regime which has suppressed domestic capitalists and has had only meagre, expensive aid from outside capitalists can make progress and give its citizens finer material conditions than they enjoyed in the past. Because this is a most dangerous proposition it is vehemently denied and data confirming it are suppressed or distorted. But the fact remains incontrovertible. The U.S.S.R., moreover, has been immune to the worst and longest crisis that ever afflicted capitalist countries irrespective of whether they were relatively advanced or as much in need of new construction as Russia. Apart from the results directly attributable to planning and the operation of Marxist non-profit principles, Soviet economic success arises from the supplementary personal incentives supplied by a society where income, never unearned or obtained through investment, is visibly proportionate to the value of effort, and where possibilities of advancement are unlimited. Socialism exploits many of capitalism's methods of stimulating initiative and adds potent ones of its own. No evidence is available to support a possible contention that government ownership and operation, when they embrace all industries as they do in the U.S.S.R., are less efficient than other systems. Indeed, it is often submitted that the waste of under-capacity production, so common throughout the world and so strange to a Soviet mind, far exceeds that flowing from inexperience and technical lag. Soviet distribution, miserably inadequate when scarcity and rationing encouraged every manner of malfeasance and corruption, has now turned over a new leaf on which occur several recent entries of better service and appreciable price reductions. These reflect sharp increases in the volume of consumers' goods. But the greatest economic revolution took place in Soviet agriculture. Collectivisation is the first organisational change in farming since feudalism retreated before modern capitalism. The collective is to the moujik's holding as a big up-to-date factory is to the ancient artisan's shop. This new form of farming contains tremendous potentialities of higher productivity, some of which are already in the process of realisation.

In the field of economics, the revolution has made many mistakes and has chalked up a huge expense account in lives and human suffering. But no fundamental weakness and no illogic has as yet been discovered in Bolshevik methods of production and distribution. Plenty mocked by poverty would be inconceivable, and every able-bodied and able-minded person can find a job. The rest should be wards of the State. It has been argued with considerable cogency, of course, that real communism would give to each according to his needs rather than abilities. But the Russian system is not real communism. At the present stage of development, when capitalist psychology lingers in the mental make-up of every Soviet citizen, complete equality of compensation would destroy initiative and retard progress. The Bolsheviks merely try to prevent excessive variations of income. Discrimination in favour of the proletariat, the class with more Bolshevism and less effectiveness as producers, formerly gave workers a relative handicap over intellectuals and professionals. But when the engineers and others were "raised to the level of workers" (1931) and peasants accorded the same civil rights as factory hands (1935), wider material differentiation appeared. Equality in the political status of classes fostered greater economic inequality. The tender beginnings of democracy and the birth of a Soviet nationhood, in place of a class-versus-class system, have been attended on the one hand by a relaxation of the Government's endeavours to prevent sharper contrasts of material standards and, on the other, by a general rise in the well-being of all and a partial bridging of the gap between the poor "dark" countryside and the improved city. What Karl Marx called the "idiocy of village life" is disappearing. During 1935 money was granted free rein, and the consequent new commercialism has been allowed to penetrate even into the field of social medicine which it should never have touched. It is commercialism, however, without competition.

This is a transition period in Soviet development in which the defeated yet unburied past continues to struggle with the emerging future. A whole nation is consciously making history under one's eyes, and nothing could be more fascinating, yet it is obviously not easy to fashion new modes of life. Nor can I think of new Soviet forms in literature, theatre, cinema, music, painting or sculpture. The revolution is eighteen years old. Its first three years were spent in fighting off military attacks. Between 1921 and 1928, capitalism in the U.S.S.R. threatened to return to power, and socialist economy, non-existent in the vast countryside, was weak in the city. The first Five Year Plan (1929–32) inaugurated a quadrennium of activity and progress, but also of fearful repression and sacrifice which lasted through 1933. The revolution has

really had only about eighteen months of normality, and in these the desire to rest has conflicted with the irresistible urge to proceed.

The Bolsheviks are not afraid of bourgeois forms. They are strengthening the family. In September of this year, army and navy titles (lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, etc., but not general or admiral—that would have been too much !), abolished by the revolution, were reintroduced with no adequate explanation. During October, November and December, 1935, the Moscow local industries are manufacturing 1,250,000 starched collars, and they will be sold and worn. In general, styles and tastes in clothes have undergone no alteration since the revolution. All Soviet school children will soon wear uniforms just as all Russian pupils did prior to 1917. A year ago when stricter discipline was brought back into the educational system, the Tsarist terms " director " and " class " (grade) were restored.

Socialists in other countries often confine their protests to the superficial trappings of the bourgeoisie like evening dress, luxurious automobiles, fine villas, and rich foods. But there is nothing essentially bad in these things or in dancing, silk dresses, felt hats and other " bourgeois " manifestations which the Bolsheviks objected to until recently. Their memory was too fresh. But out of 170,000,000 Soviet inhabitants, 69,000,000 were born under the sickle and hammer, and if one includes children who were six years old on November 17th, 1917, there are to-day 82,000,000 individuals in the U.S.S.R. who never knew capitalism. This new generation has more effective ways of being anti-bourgeois than rejection of what was simply because it was. The Bolsheviks apparently believe that the resurrection of certain former conveniences will no longer jar or irritate or recall another regime. Yet why should a Komsomol wear a stiff collar and why should the commander of a regiment be " Comrade Colonel " ? Communists contend that backward countries need not pass through a capitalist stage in their development to Socialism. But it would appear that a Socialist country must pass through a bourgeois stage in personal habits and personal relationships. One of the reasons is probably the pressure, unseen and unconscious, of the capitalist world which surrounds the U.S.S.R. Perhaps the Soviets must be as good as the bourgeoisie before they can be better. Is this why Soviet citizens who are deeply convinced of their system's superiority to capitalism nevertheless evince a humility and a sometimes unwarranted respect before foreigners and things foreign which have recently provoked the scorn of Ilya Ehrenburg and other Russian authors ? Or is it that the U.S.S.R.'s cultural level lags behind its economic and political achievements ? An inner Soviet contradiction is at the bottom of it all ; a country that has destroyed its bourgeoisie cannot get rid of its bourgeoisieism. The love of material possessions refuses to die, and the increase in the volume of goods has been accompanied by economic inequality and much petty thievery, which are cause and effect. These are some of the problems which the Bolsheviks now face. It is too early to say what will happen. But the revolution is still dynamic, events move rapidly, and change is perpetual. This is, in fact, a heroic phase of the revolution, more so than the first Five Year Plan, and the Bolsheviks are attempting to express it in their architecture, their literature and in editorials which are replete with pathos. Enthusiasm, pride and faith in success know no bounds.

The unlimited self-confidence and universal animation which all, including foreigners, feel in the U.S.S.R. is explained by the close identification of the people with the Government's activities. The rise in railway car loadings achieved under Lazar Kaganovitch's guidance in the last half-year, the mounting individual productivity of coal hewers in the Donetz basin, the ingathering of the season's crop and the publication of new school text books are national events, and the pertinent figures are scanned daily with an eagerness reminiscent only of a country watching the progress or retreat of its armies in wartime. The shortcomings of certain State farms, for instance, are assumed to be everyone's concern ; half of the first page of daily papers can be devoted to reforms in the peat industry of Central Russia. The whole of Moscow built the city's new subway and the whole of Moscow is proud of it. This emotional democracy has a concrete effect on the economic value of each producer. Suddenly the limelight may be concentrated on him as if he were a pilot making a record-breaking flight. Rank and file workers are praised or condemned in the national press, and pictures of distinguished factory hands get into the papers or on to prominently displayed bulletin boards. In this sense, each employee feels that he is an agent of the people invested with a trust which he must not betray. The patriotism which other countries arouse for special occasions is a daily affair in the Soviet Union. It is a kind of permanent being on parade or on the battlefield, even though you merely sew buttons on underwear. As a result, the seamstress and the locomotive driver acquire a new dignity ; they serve the State. Now the peasants are being drawn into the same emotional field.

At the age of maturity, the revolution is young. At eighteen, life is just beginning. Yet the strain and privations of the revolution and of the war years that preceded it have made many individuals prematurely old. In the last year I have heard quite a number of Soviet citizens say : " I would like to live long. It would be good to see the completion of these wonderful construction projects and interesting social processes." There is a vast yearning for good health and good living. The belief in a glorious future is so unquestioning that all people want to experience it. The only cloud is the possibility of war.

LOUIS FISCHER

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

HEARING that I had never read Edgar Wallace's novel *The Flying Fifty-five*, a friend sent it to me with warm commendations. My test of a moderately good book is whether it tempts one to neglect one's work. My test of a really good book is whether it tempts one to neglect all one's other pleasures. *The Flying Fifty-five* came through the second test with flying colours. I would not have laid it down to go out and see a hitherto unknown species of woodpecker. I could not have been lured from it by any crossword puzzle, wireless programme, football match, poet, or invitation to a walk in the pleasantest company this side of Paradise. Lovers of measure in speech sometimes complain of the way in which reviewers call book after book " fascinating." It seems to me, however, that " fascinating " is an exact, cold-blooded description of the effect certain books produce on the reader. Did not a critic once write of a novel that, while he was reading it, his eyes were " literally glued to the page " ? That may have been a slight exaggeration, but I doubt whether the word " literally " was ever misused in a better sense.

I am not suggesting that the books that fascinate us are necessarily the greatest books. There used to be a fascination about penny dreadfuls such as Dante never exercises on his most devoted readers. The penny novelette of the nineteenth century fascinated millions more women and girls than the novels of Balzac. While not comparing *The Flying Fifty-five* with penny dreadfuls and novelettes, I can see that it would be equally misleading to compare it with the best pages of Dante or Balzac. At the same time, I am, I believe, about the millionth person to have found it fascinating.

Having finished it, I could not help reflecting on the immensity of the debt that English fiction owes to the peerage, for the hero, Lord Fontwell, is one of the nicest peers in or out of fiction. Disguised as a tramp, he is offered a job as stable-lad by Stella Barrington, impoverished owner of race-horses, who is moved to pity by his condition. He performs miracles with her horses at Ascot, Goodwood and elsewhere, and in races in which he or his friends have horses that might beat Stella's he arranges for these horses to be withdrawn. The crisis comes when her chief hope for the Derby proves to be unqualified to run. She has also Fifty-five in the race,

believed to be only a sprinter, but her jockey is kidnapped at the last moment by the agent of her enemy, Sir Jacques Godfrey, who has also bought up all the spare jockeys. What is the disguised Lord Fontwell to do? He is a man of nine stone seven—half a stone more than Derby horses carry—but he decides, none the less, to take out apprenticeship papers as a jockey, and to ride Fifty-five in the race. Does he win? He does. And not only this, but he beats his own horse, Meyrick, by a short head. "'Bill, why did you do it?' He took her unresisting hand in his. 'Because I love you,' he said in a low voice." That is what I call something like fiction.

Now, in the nineteenth century, popular fiction was full of peers like that. Not quite so near perfection as Bill Fontwell, perhaps, but near enough to convince hundreds of thousands of readers that the House of Lords was a veritable home of romance. In the nursery, no doubt, little girls dreamed of fairy princes and believed stories like those of Cinderella and of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid. As they came to years of discretion, however, they acquired common sense; they became realistic. They saw that the events reported in stories like Cinderella simply could not happen in the modern world—that they were inventions intended for consumption by children. The notion that a coal-heaver's daughter might suddenly find that her lover was a member of the royal house they dismissed as romantic rubbish. In this hard-headed mood, they turned from royalty to the peerage, working it out mathematically that it was about a hundred times more likely that a lover would turn out to be a disguised peer than a disguised prince. And, unquestionably, the writers of novelettes made such a situation sound extremely probable.

I have often wondered why the peerage never played up to the novel-reader's conception of it—why peers in real life allow themselves to be surpassed to such a degree by peers in fiction. Has there ever been a peer in real life who has ridden as a jockey in the Derby at half a stone overweight and beaten his own horse for love of a beautiful girl, as Lord Fontwell did? I glanced through the Duke of Portland's entertaining book of racing reminiscences the other day, and, though there is a peer on nearly every page, I could find none of them who was not an "also ran" in comparison with Lord Fontwell. There is an old motto, *noblesse oblige*. Were British peers not a little forgetful of it in the last century? Did even one per cent. of them attempt to live up to the picture of the ordinary decent, self-sacrificing, disguised peer painted by the novelists? If they had, I fancy the general election on the abolition of the Lords veto would have taken a different turn. The Liberal Party, if it had attempted to abolish the veto of a House of Lords composed of men like Lord Fontwell, would have had a rude awakening. It would have been swept out of existence by infuriated novel-readers, and it is probable that to-day one of the Lord Fontwells would be Prime Minister of a nation united in its love of fiction and of horses.

Even in the decadent pre-war world, indeed, I think the House of Lords would have been worth saving for the sake of the libraries. Yet, during the debates on the veto, not a single Diehard, so far as I can remember, ever raised the point that, while peers might be a political nuisance, they were a literary necessity. Even the Society of Authors, usually vigilant in the cause of literature, seems to have overlooked the fact that fiction, deprived of a really effective peerage, was likely more and more to wallow in Zolaism and so ultimately to lose its popularity. If this had been understood at the time, we should have seen British authors lined up to a man behind Lord Willoughby de Broke when he declared that blood would flow under London Bridge before the veto of the House of Lords was abolished.

There is no denying that since the all but disfranchisement of the peerage gloom has spread to an alarming extent over literature. Cinderella now remains miserable in her kitchen for ever. There is no rescue for the progeny either of a moss-gatherer or of a tallow chandler. What you are born you remain—only worse. It might be thought that there are plenty of millionaires to take the place of the debilitated peers. But millionaires are not the same thing. A millionaire is only an ordinary man grown rich, and sometimes all the more vulgar for having done so. He is not a being belonging to a superior world—a world of robes and coronets that has ennobled literature since the days of Shakespeare. I was reading the new edition of Mrs. Amanda M. Ros's famous novel, *Delina Delaney*, *Chatto and Windus*, 7s. 6d, recently, and I was struck by the thought that it would have lost half its dignity if the hero, instead of being a peer, had merely been a millionaire. I doubt whether Delina herself, the humble fisherman's orphan daughter, would have been swept off her feet so rapidly if her lover had come to her with the offer of anything less than a title. After all, no millionaire could talk like Lord Gifford. It is only a peer—and a novelist's peer at that—who could have shown such a command of language as Lord Gifford shows in telling his beloved Delina of the "high-toned Society-mover" whom his mother wishes him to marry. "I must tell you, my idol of innocence," he declares, "that every day of my life I hate her more and more, while her feelings for me are quite the reverse. O Lord, I simply can't bear her." Continuing, he said:

> "Lady Mattie (Heaven knows who died, and if any, died and legacied her the title) is one of those willowy-washy figures who keeps rushing into this room or the other room, wherever by chance she finds a mirror to throw her image back to her in flattered fashion. She stands almost a six-footer, with her treadles thrust into shoes you'd swear that once long ago belonged to a Chinese madman; her long, thin wallopy legs enveloped in silken hose, with birds, fish, fowl, cabbage-leaves, ay, by Jove, with every species of animal, vegetable and mineral rainbowed in coloured fashion over their flimsy fronts."

Go into any commoner's house in England—even into the house of the richest commoner—and you will hear no such high-toned aristocratic utterance as that. Scorn of unwanted bribes is expressed differently in baronial halls and suburban villas. What commoner, for example, could emulate Lord Gifford's derisive comment on Lady Mattie's garters:

> "Then her garters! Ah, ha!
>
> "How I remember one fine day finding a lost one that had fastened itself, I presume, above or below her knee, and, thirsting probably for a dash of fresh air, broke loose and there it lay. That garter! Composed of every colour, resembling the amethyst, opal, emerald, jasper, garnet, onyx, pearl and sapphire, terminating in a cat's face studded with diamonds. I remember perfectly examining the article, at first wondering under Heaven what it was. I concluded it must be a necklet, and proceeded to carefully roll it up. As I coiled it, I couldn't fail seeing the word 'garter' worked in emeralds about its centre . . ."

No, whatever you may say about politics, the House of Lords has amply justified its existence in fiction. Lady Mattie's garter, Lord Fontwell's victory in the Derby—how much more exciting it all sounds than life even on the best collective farm. If more peers rode horses, like Lord Fontwell, and talked like Lord Gifford, the aristocratic regime might yet be saved for Europe.

Y. Y.

EUTHANASIA

In his Memoirs, Berlioz speaks of the death of his sister:

> From cancer of the breast, after six months of horrible suffering. . . And not a doctor dared have the humanity to put an end to this martyrdom by letting my sister inhale a bottle of chloroform. This is done to save a patient the pain of a surgical operation which lasts a quarter of a minute: but it is not done to deliver one from a torture lasting six months. . . . The most horrible thing in the world, for us living and sentient beings, is inexorable suffering; and we must be barbarous or stupid, or both at once, not to use the sure and easy means now at our disposal to bring it to an end.

Some time ago, in the course of an article, I referred to a letter I had just received from a patient of mine. It is so relevant that I do not hesitate to reprint it here:

> DEAR DR. ROBERTS.—As I anticipated, I can no longer swallow milk. My poor starved bones are sore. I am so weak that I hope you will

assure my wife that my life is now very short. I thank you for your kind attention, and I want to make one last request of you. I trust you will grant it. You know the torture I am in, and you know that in any case I can live but a very short time. Will you save me from this painful death? I am, yours gratefully, ————.

This letter speaks for itself. Every doctor who has been many years in practice must have again and again been confronted by an essentially similar request. What is his reaction? It varies according to his emotional make-up. The degree of sympathy, of imagination, of courage, of law and convention abidingness—each helps to determine the course taken. As the law stands, to fall in with the patient's wishes is to be guilty of murder; but the law is alterable. Already there is a movement on foot to get this particular law altered, and it is interesting to find that the judges have been among the pioneers in this matter.

In 1927, a man was tried for murder. His wife had died earlier in the year, suffering from tuberculosis and curvature of the spine. Of the five children left, one, a little girl four years old, contracted tuberculosis, and then developed gangrene in the face, after an attack of measles. The doctor expressed the opinion that the child could not possibly recover. The father—to quote the *Lancet* report—" nursed the child with devoted care," but one morning, after sitting up all night with her, he could no longer bear to see her suffering. He drowned the child in the bath, and gave himself up to the police. The medical evidence was such as to enable the jury to turn a Nelsonian eye to the facts, and to return a verdict of " not guilty." In the course of his summing up, Mr. Justice Branson said: " It is a matter which gives food for thought when one comes to consider that, had this poor child been an animal instead of a human being, so far from there being anything blameworthy in the man's action in putting an end to its suffering, he would actually have been liable to punishment if he had not done so."

" I esteem it," said Bacon, " the office of a physician not only to restore the health, but to mitigate pain and dolors; and not only when such mitigation may conduce to recovery, but when it may serve to make a fair and easy passage." The administration of a lethal dose to an agonised and doomed sufferer from cancer of the throat would seem to demand but little defence.

Why is proper provision not made for the securing of such " easy passage "? In the absence of such provision, the sympathetic and the sentimental are driven to take the law into their own hands. And that way danger lies—for self-deception as to one's motives, what the psychologists call " rationalisation," is one of the most powerful of man's self-protective mechanisms. It is an old observation of criminal psychologists that the day-dreamers and the rationalisers account for a very large proportion of the criminal population; whilst, in murderers, this habit of self-deception is often carried to incredible lengths.

In the course of a lecture before the Medico-Legal Society, early this year, Dr. Norwood East, one of H.M. Prison Commissioners, analysed the mental condition of three hundred Broadmoor homicides. Of these three hundred, sixty-two suffered from melancholia; and Dr. East said that, commonly, these melancholic dements were led to kill near relatives in the belief that death was in the best interests of the victim. He quoted the case of a man who killed his wife with this motive. Desiring to make her last moments happy, he bought a ring for £180, placed it on her finger, and then shot her through the heart.

Often have I heard friends of patients of mine say: " It would be a mercy if he could be taken out of his misery "; the patient all the time lying in a state of doped contentment, free from pain or anxiety. It is extraordinarily easy for the average person to humbug himself in this way, and to make out a very good case for the painless extermination of some useless or objectionable individual—from an undesired baby to an outworn grandparent. I find myself in considerable sympathy with some remarks made last week by Mr. Justice Goddard at the Central Criminal Court, where a young woman was being tried for murder because she had, on her own confession, given to her mother, suffering from general paralysis of the insane, a lethal dose of medinal. Having given adequate expression to the sympathy with the prisoner that her situation aroused, he stressed the great danger of accepting as an adequate plea: " I killed in mercy," or " I killed in pity." He went on to suggest that it might be wise to alter the existing law so " that the passing of a person afflicted with an incurable disease either in mind or body might be expedited. But, assuredly, if it ever were to become law that help in passing might be given to a person, it could be given only under the most rigorous safeguards, and not left to the uncontrolled discretion of a relative. Many sick persons might otherwise be put into unmerited danger." Quite apart from any more sinister motives, we ought, I think, to remember that a condition which is " painful to watch " is often not at all painful to experience. Epileptic fits afford an illustration of this.

Obviously, if we are going to legalise the killing of other people, from whatever motive, adequate precautions must be taken. And here comes in a new difficulty. By over-elaboration of safeguards, we can defeat the whole purpose of the suggested reform. We all realise the intensified horror attached to the death-penalty by its accompanying formalities—from the phraseology of the judge's sentence, and his black cap, to the weight-gauging visit of the hangman to the cell, and the correct attendance at the final scene of the surpliced chaplain, the doctor, and the prison governor. This is not irrelevant to the problem of legalised euthanasia. I put to myself this hypothetical situation. I am suffering from carcinoma of the throat. Certain operations have been performed; the possibilities of radium have been exploited; there is nothing more to be done. I will not harrow my readers' emotions by describing the inevitable natural sequence of events.

If my doctor were my true friend, what would I wish him to do in the circumstances? I myself am in no doubt. I hope that he would, without a significant word or gesture, make that necessary modification in my medicine which would hasten the pace over a bad bit of going. That would be real euthanasia. My exit would not be quite such a happy one if, as suggested in the Voluntary Euthanasia Bill, drafted a few years ago, I had first had to make an application stating to the appropriate authorities that I had been informed by two medical practitioners, whose certificates I enclosed, that I was suffering from an incurable disease and that my nearer relatives had been notified; my request being duly attested by a magistrate; if, further, my application had then to be submitted to an official " euthanasia referee," after whose approval " the application and certificates " would " come before a court of summary jurisdiction," which court, " having considered the application and heard objections, if any, would, if satisfied, issue the necessary permits—one to the patient to receive euthanasia, and one to a medical practitioner, to administer the euthanasia. Only practitioners who had been licensed for the purpose would be eligible to act as euthanisers." I can almost hear the cheerful announcement: " Please, ma'am, the euthaniser's come."

Though, for my own part, I would not hesitate painlessly to end the life of a patient suffering from a very painful and incurable disease, should that patient wish it, I realise the dangers inherent in the legalisation of such acts. If assistance is, in certain circumstances, to be officially afforded to a suicide, we must make sure that the suicide is voluntary. The interests of a man and of his nearest relatives do not always coincide; their real wishes even more rarely coincide. It is one thing to ease the death of someone we care for and for whom we are responsible, at his own request and for his own relief; it is another, and a very different thing to kill him because that seems to be the most economical or, to the survivors, the most agreeable way of dealing with him.

HARRY ROBERTS

Correspondence

REARMAMENT

SIR,—Mr. Jonathan Griffin, in his article on the "Alternative to Rearmament" declares himself in favour of confining air defence expenditure to measures which cannot threaten other nations. As one of these measures, he says "if possible, the evacuation of great cities should be organised, and the feeding of the multitudes in the wilderness."

This, in order to be of any value, would involve the co-operation of the public, and would probably demand practice evacuations. As such, this would constitute a measure of passive defence more extreme than any Government has dared to suggest. The arguments against passive defence in general are as follows:

(1) The civilian population has to submit to perpetual military discipline in peace time. This fosters the development of war mentality, increasing the difficulties of pacifist propaganda, and facilitates the Government preparations for war, while lulling the population into a false sense of security.

(2) The passive defence measures proposed have only a very limited effectiveness. The possibilities of combined attack from high explosive, incendiary bomb, and gas bomb are so great that only by prohibitively heavy expenditure can any immunity from attack be obtained.

(3) This immunity can only be obtained by those who are able to pay for it. The poorer sections of the community, living in crowded areas, usually near strategic points, cannot prepare special gas-proof rooms, even of the type recommended in the Government handbook, and are far more exposed to attack than other members of the community.

It is clear that these arguments apply with especial force to the evacuation of cities. The impossibility of evacuating an attacked city is evident from the fact that the wearing of a gas-mask renders a march of several miles, such as is necessary to leave only a moderate-sized town, a difficult matter for the strongest, and an impossibility for the weak.

The fight against the passive defence measures proposed by the National Government has hardly begun, and we consider it highly unfortunate if, at this stage, such measures are to gain tacit approval from those of pacifist opinions.

A. F. W. HUGHES
(for the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group)

Strangeways Road,
Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge.

SIR,—The chestnut about the park orator who, after a vehement denunciation of private property, descended from his tub and asked, "Who the hell's pinched my bike?" is pertinent to Mr. Jonathan Griffin's plan for "internationalising" civil flying. What, in fact, about the poor owners of private aircraft? I feel certain Mr. Griffin would take it hard if the League, having decided to internationalise that dangerous weapon of war, motor transport, impounded his car at every emergency.

Moreover, surely Mr. Griffin cannot seriously believe, after the barefaced lying der Führer so long indulged in to conceal the existence of his air force, that Germany would ever scrap their expensive bomber fleet merely because they had promised to do so at some international cabal? We have not, alas, the touching faith of the ostrich; while dangerous megalomaniacs like Hitler and Mussolini wield the power they do, to bury our heads in the sand would be simply to invite a sound kick on the backside, in the shape of a load of Italian or German explosives dropped into the S.W.1 district.

B. A. YOUNG

Cliff Coombe, Broadstairs.

COMMUNIST POLICY

SIR,—I cannot say that I had hoped to persuade Mr. Strachey, but at least I had not expected so lame and disappointing a reply from him. It is just a re-hash of the old dogmatic assertions, just when a little new thinking is required and the situation of the working-class movement in Europe urgently demands it. The "fundamental line of Communist policy" has been right all the time; all the post-war history is "one long confirmation of the Communist view"; the ordinary working-class movements in the West, which are social-democrat, "can never produce Socialism, and must sooner or later produce Fascism"; their policy will "castrate and divide the working-class," "strengthen and not disarm, the capitalists," etc., etc. What a string of assertions, each one of them unproved, each one begging the whole question!

However, it is something to have elicited the direct statement that the Communists desire a Labour Government in Britain now, and presumably in other countries. It doesn't get away from the validity of our view of the hopeless fatuity of Communist policy which has done everything in the last fifteen years to make Labour Government impossible anywhere. The new course in Communist policy, which seems to be at last a sensible one, is a complete confession of the idiocy of the course they pursued towards social-democracy in all the years previous. That is the dilemma that Mr. Strachey cannot get out of, and which reveals the utter futility of the position of Communist fractions in Western Europe.

It is all very well for Mr. Strachey to attempt to ride off on the ineffectiveness of social-democracy—there is a great deal about its history in these years which I should criticise as strenuously as anybody. But at any rate, it never made it its main end and aim to divide the working-class movement and so render it null and void. As for the supposed hopelessness of the social democratic method of attempting to win a mandate for Socialist government by a parliamentary majority, I wonder which course Mr. Strachey thinks more likely of success: to try and persuade the electorate, a majority of it being working-class, to Socialism in course of time; or to persuade the police, the army, navy and air force to Socialism—which is what his course of action amounts to? Of the two courses I think I know which is the one that is utterly hopeless.

A. L. ROWSE.

Penryn, Falmouth.

PROPAGANDA METHODS

SIR,—I have received a communication from the British Empire Union of 180, Piccadilly, W.1, inviting me to contribute to the funds of an open-air speaking campaign with the object of defeating Socialist candidates at the forthcoming General Election. The Presidents of the Union in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, S. Africa and India are shown as respectively Lady Tweedsmuir, Lady Isaacs, Lady Galway, Lady Clarendon, and Lady Willingdon. The words "Her Excellency" are in each case prefixed. I imagine these ladies are, in their official capacities, supposed to be politically impartial. I do not understand why their names are allowed to appear in connection with a partisan appeal for funds to destroy the electoral chances of His Majesty's Opposition.

Fivewents Way, R. FLETCHER
Crowborough.

[We hope this matter will be taken up officially We have seen the document referred to and regard it as scandalous that the wives of His Majesty's representatives in the Dominions should allow their names to be exploited for Party purposes.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE PAPACY AND ITALY

SIR,—In your issue of October 26th (p. 594) A. S. Glover states that he would be very much interested to know the answer to four questions arising out of the Archbishop of Westminster's sermon, defending the attitude of the Holy See with reference to the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, preached at Golders Green on Sunday, October 13th.

(1) Is the Holy See entitled to blame anyone other than itself for its non-membership of the League of Nations in view of the fact that since the Lateran Treaty of 1929 it might at any time have sought admission to the League?

The Holy See is blaming no one for its non-membership of the League. The Archbishop of Westminster was merely stating facts, in order to explain why the Pope, considered as an independent Sovereign in the temporal sphere, had no grounds for political intervention in the present issue. The point is the fact of, not the reasons for, the Holy See's non-membership of the League.

(2) Before the decision of the League that Italy is the aggressor in the present conflict the Pope could not in decency have stigmatised either one side or the other as the wrongdoer. Is it, then, to be understood that since the constitution of the League, the Papal prerogative of infallibility in its *ex-cathedra* pronouncements on moral issues has passed into the hands of, or requires the preliminary concurrence of, the League?

This question reveals a complete misunderstanding of the nature and scope of Papal infallibility. His Holiness did not wait for the League's decision before reiterating, on more than one

occasion, in the strongest terms and with unmistakable reference to the present situation the Church's infallible moral teaching on the subject of war. Weeks before the League spoke he condemned aggression and greed for conquest masquerading as self-defence and need for expansion: he prayed "scatter the nations that want war." It is for the Church to state her moral teaching; the human conscience, whether in individuals or in nations or in Leagues of Nations, must apply that teaching to itself and decide, as in the present issue, whether it is being obeyed or disobeyed. The Church cannot absolve a man or nation from the duty of exercising its conscience. No human conscience, not even that of the League of Nations, is infallible; it is possible to have a misinformed or perverted conscience. Hence it follows that the League's verdicts have nothing to do with Papal infallibility. Had the Pope forstalled the verdict of the League by pronouncing for or against Italy, he would not have claimed infallibility for his pronouncement. He can state infallibly that unjust wars are wrong; but his view as to whether any particular war is just or unjust is obviously conditioned by the human knowledge of political facts at his disposal. The responsibility for an unjust war lies with the nation, or individual, who, on making it, deliberately goes against its conscience.

(3) Why does the Pope denounce those who practise birth-control as breakers of the moral law and refrain from denouncing Italy as a breaker of treaties and a brigand?

There is no true analogy between "birth control" and war. "Birth control" is always and in all circumstances wrong, a violation of the moral law; no Catholic can ever possibly believe the "birth-controllers" to be in the right. According to the teaching of the Catholic Church war is not necessarily a sin *per se*; there can, in certain circumstances, be just wars. Presuming that the great mass of Italians, mistaken as we may think them, are in good faith in believing in the justice of their cause, the Church, whose condemnations (like those of her Master) are reserved for those who sin deliberately and with full knowledge, cannot denounce them as criminals. From our point of view they may be treaty-breakers and brigands; but their misguided consciences may tell them that they are not.

(4) Why, if the cause of God is bound up with the continuance of the Fascist rule in Italy, does not every conscientious Catholic, everywhere, become a Fascist? Why, if the downfall of the existing Governments in Germany, Russia and Mexico means chaos, does not every good Catholic support the actions of each and all of these Governments?

The Archbishop was very careful to confine this connection between the cause of God and Fascism to Italy alone, where the Church has, up to the present, enjoyed under Fascist rule at least a measure of liberty of conscience and liberty of action, which would certainly not be less were Communism or anti-clerical liberalism (the most likely alternatives to Fascism in Italy at the moment) to come into power. Obviously the same does not apply to a country like Great Britain, where, at present, Catholics happily enjoy full freedom of conscience and of worship under a democratic regime. The present position of Catholics in Germany, Russia and Mexico, where the existing Governments are engaged in active and bitter persecution of the Church, is not comparable with their position in Italy. Even so Catholics are bound to obey the duly constituted authorities in their countries in everything which does not clearly and unmistakably conflict with Catholic faith and morals and their duty of practising their religion. The cause of God is never advanced by lawlessness and anarchy.

Newnham College, JOCELYN M. C. TOYNBEE
Cambridge.

ROTHERMERE COOKERY

SIR,—In the *Daily Mail* of the 19th instant, there is a summary of a Reuter message from Pretoria reporting General Smuts' speech on the League of Nations. The speech was mainly a tribute to the League for its unanimous condemnation of Italy's aggression, with an expression of gratitude to Britain for the lead she has given. ... would not suit the Rothermere book, so the message was headed *Gen. Smuts and League*, followed by the words, in quotation marks, *Scrap it if it menaces peace*. These six words are not to be found in the speech (see the *Times* report) and passages directly referring to the League in favourable terms are omitted.

Is this a sample of Rothermere anti-League propaganda?

Holt Cottage, MAURICE SPENCER (Colonel)
Whitstable.

MENTAL TREATMENT

SIR,—We are a humane people and dislike to consider possible the wrongful incarceration of the insane. If we disliked it even more, and were a little more humane, we might take the trouble to find out how it can be prevented. It is not an imaginary danger. The writer of this letter has come across four such cases, during a single lifetime, which were not concerned with the subject.

All these four cases could have been prevented had the patients been examined over a longer space of time and by properly trained psychiatrists Not every doctor or magistrate chosen to decide as to the insanity of a patient has the requisite psychiatric knowledge; none of them has the time required for making such important decisions They see an angry or excited person—quite rightly excited or angry if he is being wrongly accused of insanity—and much of their evidence has to be taken from the hearsay of equally angry and agitated relations.

Dr. Alfred Adler (the Viennese psychiatrist) recently cited a case brought to him of a woman wrongly accused of insanity by her husband, of whom she was, with due cause, jealous. Her condition, which was highly excitable, joined to the duplicity of the woman she was jealous of, had turned all the family against the patient. It took Dr. Adler many interviews, both with the patient and the husband, before he realised that the woman was perfectly sane and that her own family had been successfully deceived by the interloper and the husband. This enraged woman would have been sent to an asylum immediately had Dr. Adler been any less careful and skilled a psychiatrist, and as she was in a very hysterical condition, she might really have lost her mind as well as her freedom.

A few months ago, in a well-known private hospital in England, an old lady, who had never suffered from any form of mental instability, was pronounced to be suffering from senile dementia and incurably insane. Fortunately, however, her daughter did not accept this verdict and insisted on her mother having the care of a trained psychiatric nurse from outside the institution. Within three months she had her mother home again in her normal condition. The old lady had never been insane. She had been in a poisoned condition, which had temporarily clouded her brain. Without her daughter's assistance she would certainly have ended her life in an asylum.

Such cases are not rare, although to hear of them is rare. They need never exist if more care were taken to have fully trained psychiatrists (not doctors and magistrates with a certain amount of unscientific experience of the insane) to examine the patient; if such psychiatrists were not overworked and were allowed the time needed for a proper examination, there would be a smaller margin of error.

It would be much safer to take all suspected cases to a mental hospital used solely for observation, where a diagnosis could be made at leisure by fully trained psychiatrists with every possible test at their disposal, and where it was compulsory to transfer the patient to another hospital for treatment should such a course be considered necessary.

Such a hospital would be a great protection for all mental patients. It would do away with faulty, hurried, or unskilled diagnosis. It would also be a great protection to many homes, for so great is the fear among conscientious doctors of a false diagnosis of insanity, that many mental cases in most dangerous conditions, remain at home to be a menace to themselves, their families, and the whole community. PHYLLIS BOTTOME

131 Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

REFUSAL OF MILITARY SERVICE

SIR,—In these days of crisis when the utter futility and crime of warfare is so vividly felt, may I bring to the attention of your readers the fate of some hundred or more young men who are passively resisting the encroachment of militarism on civilian life? I refer to the War Resisters imprisoned in about a dozen countries of Europe for refusal to do their military service. They are giving their lives for this cause of peace often with no hope of ever regaining their liberty. There is very much which can be done to strengthen and support them. For instance, after seven years' effort, the War Resisters' International has been successful in obtaining the release of a Frenchman who had been exiled for this reason for 19 years in French Guiana. A quotation from a letter written just after his release will perhaps indicate better than anything, the spirit in which these men are serving the world:

> After having been cut off from the world of living men during 19 years of exile for having resisted war; after having suffered number-

less tortures more frightful than death, I have refused to allow hate to enter my heart, having retained in the midst of all these perils, the Ideal of Peace and love of one's fellow-men.

Further information will gladly be given and financial help from your readers will be very gratefully welcomed and should be sent to the writer at the office of the Movement at 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex. A. RUTH FRY

War Resisters' International. Treasurer.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

SIR,—Mr. Wilson's letter calls for some comments on my part. Let me hasten to say that I found the sanitary arrangements at Godshill entirely above criticism. To understand the criticism of the Russians one must remember the almost complete lack of sanitation that existed before the Revolution over practically the whole of Russia. One must realise the magnitude of the task involved in modernising the U.S.S.R. in this respect. One must realise the task of teaching people who knew nothing but primitive arrangements the right use and care of modern arrangements. It is because the Russians are fighting for the most modern conditions everywhere that they were so astonished at "a highly civilised country like England" being content at any time with primitive arrangements.

Mr. Wilson says "the youngsters like to go away from the humdrum monotonies of daily life." That is true of our children. But for the Russian children the daily life is full of colour and excitements, in fact, too full of excitements, many people believe. The Soviet way is not to divide life into two sections, 11 or 11½ months monotony and restriction, and two or four weeks excitement and freedom. They try to unify life, to make the whole year a varied experience. Perhaps that is why their camp life does not have to differ so much from life the rest of the year.

Mr. Wilson further says, "our aim is to encourage initiative and individuality," while the Soviets "train good citizens of a pattern." Here he is voicing not only the general misconception about Soviet education, but expressing the usual confusion between unity of fundamental principles and uniformity of customs, habits, and outlook.

I know something of the education of both countries and can assure him that in practice it is only the fortunate few whom circumstance has given well-to-do parents who in this country are seriously given opportunities for the development of initiative and individuality, unless we consider dodging the traffic and outwitting the policeman as opportunities.

We in this country have no conception of the scale and the variety of the facilities at the disposal of *all* Soviet children, in town and country, for the development of initiative in and out of school. For some years now a cultural supervisor, who is in charge of out-of-school activities, has been a member of every school staff.

And if Mr. Wilson will forgive my saying so, it really is rather nonsense to talk of Soviet children being turned out to one pattern. Is swearing loyalty to the U.S.S.R. and Lenin's teaching more conducive to one pattern than swearing loyalty to God, King and Country? Why should people who believe in a State in which production is for use be necessarily more of a pattern than people who believe in production for profit? Are all the Conservatives, all the Labour people, of one pattern? Does Mr. Wilson really believe that the Soviet textile workers, because they support a Socialist State, dress, act, and think alike, while the British textile workers, because they support a Capitalist State, show great initiative and individuality? If anything the answer is in favour of the Soviet workers, because they have more opportunities for expression of initiative and individuality.

As for enjoyment, I know that the Russian children enjoy Soviet camps, and I know that English children enjoy English camps. My daughter has every intention of continuing her holidays at Godshill until age prevents her, and my young son hopes to follow her. That does not prove a great deal either way, since children are very adaptable. It is rather a question of suitability. Certainly for our town children in our circumstances our type of camp seems the most suitable. BEATRICE KING

THE BATHTUB TAX HOAX

SIR,—Mr. J. Vijaya-Tunga, writing in your issue of October 5th on "Water and the White Man," includes in an interesting article the story of the American tax and prohibition on bathtubs. Some of your readers may have been tempted to file or note the story for future reference. Perhaps, therefore, you will permit me to offer the following interesting correction.

The story of the tax on bathtubs originated in a humorous "hoax" by Henry L. Mencken in the *New York Evening Mail* of December 28th, 1917. It was a joke taken so seriously that it has proved impossible to put an end to its reappearance as accepted history. Mr. Mencken says that his motive was simply to have some harmless fun in war days. His skit related the first appearance of the American bathtub. It was displayed, he wrote, on December 10th, 1842, by Adam Thompson to a group of male friends in Cincinnati. The result was not what Thompson hoped. Instead, the bathtub was denounced by physicians as a menace to public health. In Boston a city ordinance prohibited its use except on medical advice. Virginia imposed a thirty-dollar tax on each installation of a bathtub. Hartford, Conn., Wilmington, Del., and Providence, R.I., all charged extra rates for water in which to bathe in bathtubs. The Philadelphia City Council tried to pass an ordinance prohibiting its use between November and May, but the measure was defeated by two votes. Nevertheless, the bathtub could not be legislated out of existence. Millard Fillmore had one put in the White House in the 'fifties and took the first presidential bath.

That was the story written with deliberate humorous intent. But the real joke was to follow. The skit was taken in all seriousness. Nine years later Mr. Mencken wrote:

> Soon I began to encounter my preposterous "facts" in the writings of other men. They began to be used by chiropractors and other such quacks as evidence of the stupidity of medical men. They began to be cited by medical men as proof of the progress of public hygiene. They got into learned journals. They were alluded to on the floor of Congress. They crossed the ocean and were solemnly discussed in England and on the Continent. Finally, I began to find them in standard works of reference.

This confession, according to Mencken in his sixth volume of *Prejudices*, appeared in the *Boston Herald* with a four-column heading and a two-column cartoon labelled, "The American Public Will Swallow Anything." "And then," Mencken writes, "three weeks later, on June 13th, in the same editorial section but promoted to page one, the same *Herald* reprinted my ten-year-old fake soberly and as a piece of news."

"A complete account of the vicissitudes of the original hoax since then," says the *Editor and Publisher*, New York, "would make a study in itself." Articles based on the spurious facts have appeared in scores of American papers and magazines and no amount of denial or retraction seems capable of ending the career of what was intended as an obvious and harmless joke.

The incident has several interesting morals, one of which, let us hope, will not be lost on newspaper humorists. J. M. G.

LORD CARSON'S RESPONSIBILITY

SIR,—Roger Casement told me at a luncheon in Long Island shortly before the war that he and his friends were greatly indebted to Carson—"a great Irishman"—for his example in showing the way in the raising of armed forces of volunteers, an example which would be successfully followed.

71 Clifton Hill, N.W.8. SEYMOUR LESLIE

BYRON

SIR,—In his very kindly and discriminating review of my book, *Byron: the Years of Fame*, Mr. Clive Bell makes one statement to which you will allow me, perhaps, to append a brief footnote. Touching on the alleged relationship between Byron and Augusta Leigh, he adds that "presumably this was the avowed cause of separation." If Mr. Bell will consult the books of Lord Lovelace and Sir John Fox—or for that matter my own paragraphs on the subject—he will see that incest—or the suspicion of incest—was never the "avowed" cause of the Byrons' domestic differences, and that Lady Byron and her advisers were very careful to remove any misapprehension on this point. PETER QUENNELL

31 South Audley Street, W.

CARL MIERENDORFF

SIR,—Your correspondent, writing on "The German Scene," has made a mistake which, though it concerns only a point of small importance, may possibly have serious consequences. He speaks of "Karlo Mierendorff (a far more dangerous and important Communist leader)." This is wrong. Carl (not "Karlo") Mierendorff was a member of the Social Democratic Party and for that party a member of the Reichstag. Unfortunately, he was

one of the young, active Socialists who had no importance at all. He has never been a Communist. He was, during the last few years of the democratic regime, a regular contributor to the *Sozialistische Monatshefte*, which was considered the leading review of reformist (so-called Right wing) Social Democracy.

Hampstead, N.W.3. JOSEPH WALDMANN

SPEED

SIR,—If a motorist driving at 5 m.p.h. knocks down a pedestrian because three seconds previously he was travelling so fast that he could not bring his car to rest at the point of impact, then the true cause of the accident is plainly "high speed." I have not read the report of the Ministry of Transport which, according to your motoring correspondent, "is quite conclusive in treating high speed as unimportant in the causation of accidents," but a good many of us, I think, would like to be assured that it has given due consideration to pre-impact speed in all cases.

19 Wilton Crescent, V. SCHOLDERER
Wimbledon, S.W.19.

Miscellany

A SUNDAY PLOUGHING

WHILE his father rode up and down on the plough, Charley sat on the low stone wall and watched. He and his father and the horses were the only things that seemed alive on the whole landscape, although sometimes, from the shambly house below, the sound of clattering pans reminded him that his mother was also there. The elm buds were red on the distant hill, and the rosy haze made him want to reach out to it. A little while ago an automobile had gone lurching up the dirt road on the hill, and the boy had let his glance follow it as long as he could.

"You're not supposed to plough on Sunday, are you, pop?" he asked at last, one of the times his father came near.

"Well, the weather's been bad, and it's a late spring."

"But you used to plough on Sunday last year too, didn't you, pop?"

"Late spring last year too," he said.

When they came around again, Charley said: "Mom don't like you to plough on Sunday, pop."

"Did she tell you that?"

"She said that in Bohemia her father didn't used to have to. And your father either."

"She's forgotten. Poor people never have any Sundays. We've got to work all the time."

He stopped the horses and rested for a while.

"Mom wouldn't lie."

"No, she wouldn't lie. But maybe she forgets a little. It all sounds nice because it's far away. But it's no different anyplace anymore. And it hasn't been for a long time. We haven't got the place in the world that we used to have. They don't need us any more. Horses are no good. Farmers are no good."

"Then why don't we move to the city?"

"What'd we do there? And besides, I like it here. And so does mom, even if she complains. We're used to it."

"But you work so hard, even on Sundays. It ain't right."

"No, I guess not."

He took hold of the reins again and turned the plough back to its path. The boy watched the quartet move off: the two horses, the plough and the man. Through suddenly damp eyes he looked up toward the hill again, and the rosy haze of the elm buds. He yearned toward them. Lost in that pinkiness, it seemed, his lonely heart would have some kind of surcease. He was becoming terribly frightened of that loneliness. In all Connecticut, in all the world, there seemed to be no one and nothing alive except that small handful of which he was a part.

But as he looked toward the hill, three men appeared on its crest and turned downward to the field. Their overcoats flapped outlandishly about their legs as they slid down the soft and terraced earth.

"Pop!" he cried. "Somebody's coming!"

His father heard him at last, and turned around. The men waved and signalled for them to come nearer.

His father left the plough and they trudged together toward the strangers.

"Would you unhitch your horses and take them up the hill to pull our car out of the mud?" one of them said.

"Are you stuck?"

"Are you stuck?" repeated the boy, with the world suddenly gay around him.

"Are we stuck!" said the man.

"Unhitch the horses," said his father, "and we'll go up."

Charley ran and slid across the field to the plough. His hands fumbled as he unhitched the team. He shouted "giddyap" wildly, and almost could not see for excitement as he guided it to where the others stood.

The horses led the procession, once they had struck the dirt road. His father held the reins. The three men panted along behind. But the boy trudged beside the horses and sometimes he even managed to get a bit ahead of them. They saw the automobile now—the automobile he had seen passing earlier. Even from where they were they could see that it lay almost sideways in the mud rut at the edge of the road.

His father and the men were talking, all about corn and potatoes and other crops. But the boy was not listening. All the armies he had ever read about were marching behind him as they went up the hill. He was George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon all in one. Drums beat and bugles sang and crowds cheered. The hills were no longer empty, but full of life. Even in the air around him there were voices urging him and his cohorts on.

He stood by while his father attached the plough lines to the car. One of the men got in to sit at the steering wheel. And as the horses made a lurch forward, pulling the heavy car out of its repose with their first effort, the boy leaped on to the inside rim of the spare tyre in back and stood with chin uplifted while the entourage rode forward. They did not ride far, perhaps fifty yards, until the mud holes were safely passed. But to him it was miles, over hills and valleys and out to glory.

When it was over, one of the men gave his father a dollar bill. The boy's eyes followed it with feverish fear until it was safely in his father's pocket. A whole dollar. . . .

They waited until the automobile was far away, past every possible danger. Then they turned back. His father held the reins stalwartly, bending backward to keep from being dragged too rapidly down the hill.

"You can't help it," he said. "You can't help it. They've always got to come back to us. To horses and to farmers. There's no way out of it. It'll always be like that."

But the boy did not listen. And as soon as he could he darted down through the brush, to take a short cut to the house. He wanted to tell his mother about the strangers, and the automobile, and the dollar. LIBBY BENEDICT

THE COMING SEASON

THE principal musical organisations of London have now issued their detailed programmes for the coming winter season and a perusal of these gives me the impression that it will be a more interesting one than the last. The Courtauld-Sargent Concert Club was the first of them to make a start with its concert under the well-known Prague conductor Georg Széll, but this opening programme—which, possibly, was not entirely Mr. Széll's own choice—was not of special interest. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony is not often played nowadays and although Mr. Széll himself would probably be the first to admit the defects of this particular performance, yet he did succeed in getting the orchestra to perform as a single homogeneous body with a dynamic verve that revealed

the extraordinary qualities of vitality and craftsmanship in this excellent work. The string tone of the London Philharmonic Orchestra can be rather ungrateful to the ear, especially when the players are called upon to play the first allegro at a speed much more vivace than customary, and I personally think that Mr. Széll indulged in too many interfering nuances in the andante, but in the third movement con moto moderato Mr. Széll gave us a taste of his real quality. A rather tedious Concerto in F (No. 4) for organ and orchestra in which the soloist, Mr. Thalben-Ball, displayed considerable skill, was only one more demonstration of the boring and unmusical nature of the modern organ and the impropriety of introducing it into orchestral concerts. At the remaining concerts of this institution some very interesting items are to be given. Among these I would first cite Professor Donald Tovey's new Violoncello Concerto to be played by Casals, with the composer conducting, on November 11th and 12th. Then on December 9th and 10th there is to be a Symphony in B flat by Boyce, and the Clarionet Concerto No. 1, Op. 73, by Weber; on February 10th and 11th Hindemith's "Mathis" Symphony; on March 9th and 10th a choral and orchestral concert at which Palestrina's motet *Stabat Mater* for double unaccompanied chorus and Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* will be performed under Malcolm Sargent. These are the chief events of the Concert Club and are all welcome, both for their novelty and their intrinsic musical interest.

The B.B.C. is giving a series of twelve symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall which began last week with a classical programme under Adrian Boult at which that superb exponent of the great classical style of German violin playing (created by a Jew, Joachim!) Carl Flesch played the Beethoven concerto. There was also a novelty in Alban Berg's "Three Pieces from the Lyric Suite arranged for string orchestra." Out of the remaining eleven programmes I select the following as being of special interest, and worthy of noting: the first performance (on November 6th) of William Walton's *completed* symphony under Sir Hamilton Harty; the interesting programme of January 22nd when Beethoven's C minor Symphony will be sandwiched between Hindemith's "Mathis" Symphony and Schönberg's *Pelléas and Melisande;* the first performance of a new work by Constant Lambert on January 29th; Stravinsky's *Œdipus Rex* under Ansermet on February 12th; the Berlioz evening under Sir Hamilton Harty on March 4th when the *Grande Messe des Morts* and the *Symphonie Funèbre and Triomphale* will be performed. Apropos of the latter I may say that this work of Berlioz, which made a tremendous impression on Wagner when he heard it in Paris, has never to my knowledge been given in London during the last twenty-five years. An interesting novelty by a contemporary composer will be Béla Bartok's *Cantata Profana* for voices and orchestra, which Adrian Boult will conduct on March 25th. The B.B.C. list is a skilful blend of well-known masterpieces and novelties.

The Royal Philharmonic Society is also giving twelve concerts at the Queen's Hall the first of them being a characteristically Beecham programme of Balakirev, Mozart, Vaughan Williams and Beethoven. There are fewer absolute novelties in the Philharmonic programme than in the others, although on November 7th there is to be the first performance by Emanuel Feuermann of a Violoncello Concerto by Schönberg; but a number of the less obvious and hackneyed compositions by the classical composers are to be given chiefly under Sir Thomas Beecham who is also giving *La Damnation de Faust* on April 2nd. One hopes that Sir Thomas will take vast pains to make this a great occasion.

It is a cheering thought that none of these many concerts pays for itself. Every one of these organisations runs its season of orchestral concerts at a loss in spite of the fact that very often the hall is full and occasionally sold out. Somehow the public in London has become sufficiently enlightened to accept this fact at last, and hardly anywhere will one find nowadays any comment on it. Even the daily newspapers in their most venomous moods have ceased to try to disparage as "high-brow," or unimportant, music and musical performances which do not bring in large profits to those who control or organise their supply. It is true, of course, that they devote little space in their columns to these events, yet they all still employ music critics and give a brief chronicle of concerts; brief it is, indeed, compared with the columns given to descriptions of new films and of film actors and actresses, but then it is only because they are uneasily suspicious that great numbers of their own readers even have begun—perhaps increasingly under the stimulus of the B.B.C.—to enjoy genuinely "high-brow" or "serious" or "classical" music, and even to prefer it to what ought to be more popular. The fear of the B.B.C. is the only wholesome check on the power of the newspapers in our country. At any moment the B.B.C. might even start its own daily newspaper! The very hint of such a notion is enough to freeze the blood of the newspaper directors who are aware already that little in their own newspapers is read except the sporting news and the women's news and that they have lost all political and cultural power in their exploitation of sensationalism and their indifference to anything but profits. As Sir Henry Wood admirably said at a dinner given by the Mayor and Corporation of Torquay at its annual music festival last month, you cannot expect to make a profit out of music. You must expect to *pay* for your municipal orchestra as you pay for the upkeep of your gardens and promenades. Music resembles trees and flowers, you can only make it "pay" by getting rid of it. A beautiful garden is a source of constant expense, not revenue. If a man wants revenue from his garden he must uproot all his plants and sell them. As I say, hard facts have enlightened the public already to the point of understanding that music cannot be expected to "pay." How long will it be, I wonder, before their leaders, the critics and professional writers even, begin to realise that the same is true of every genuine art? How long before the news editors and reporters, of the public press cease to measure plays by their box-office takings and books by their circulation? A very long time, indeed; in fact, it will never happen because the artists have long since abandoned this field. The press is not now concerned with art at all, only with mass-production entertainment and this mass-production is always below the best that can be got by individual labour. One day, however, even the popular press will have to set both things in their proper places because the public will already know too much to admit its doing otherwise.

W. J. TURNER

W. B. YEATS, DRAMATIST

MISS NANCY PRICE has done much for the theatre in London: her constant belief that a good theatre should be in contact both with life and poetry has gained her the gratitude of all who believe that drama is not merely entertainment; and her keen sense of the play has prevented her from lamentable adventures into sophistication or propaganda. This week she has given London audiences the chance of seeing three plays by the greatest living poet now writing for the stage. Her choice has no doubt been governed in part by the practical difficulties which meet anyone who has to produce plays for a few performances; but I wish she had done *The Hour-Glass* in the later poetic version, for fine as is Mr. Yeats' prose, it must have disappointed many that, in an afternoon devoted to his plays, the only verse should be some lyrics. Still those who went to the Little Theatre and heard *The Hour-Glass*, *The Pot o' Broth* and *The Player Queen*, had an experience unfortunately very uncommon in the London theatre.

The treatment of Mr. Yeats as a dramatist would be impossible in any except this country. Here is a man, probably the greatest poet alive: a man who has for over thirty years been a man of the theatre; a man whom England and Ireland have recently honoured on his seventieth birthday; a man who has written two or three great poetic tragedies, and several plays in prose, full of intense beauty and that knife-edge sus-

pense which is the very stuff of drama—and his plays are scarcely ever produced in London at all. Anyone who saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *Deirdre* has remembered that occasion as one in which an artist was for once fitted to a supreme part in a superb play—and *Deirdre*, of which any line has more depth and more beauty than can be found in any act of other dramatists, gathers gold-dust in some celestial producer's office.

The Pot o' Broth is a poet's frolic—not so much a farce as a poetical joke. I believe Mr. Yeats thinks little of it; and a poet has a right to make little of his jokes. But on the stage it is effective, and, with its swiftness and malice of speech, has its own beauty. It was excellently produced and well acted. *The Hour-Glass* was badly produced and not too well acted. The Wise Man, who deserts his dry rationalism on the visit of the angel, looked like a magician, not a professor: the setting, instead of being cold and practical and bare, was mysterious and dim, and the angel was deplorable both in appearance and speech. She could not have converted the fool. Remains *The Player Queen:* and here both the production and the principal actors were admirable. It was written in 1922. A company of players have come to perform *Noah* before the Queen, a girl who has lived, remote and unseen by her people, a life of childish religiosity. Septimus, the chief actor, is a poet and a drunkard; his wife Decima, a girl of astounding beauty, acts ugly, frost-bitten parts such as Noah's wife; but knows herself capable of acting a great Queen's part. Slanders and scandals about the unseen Queen are rife in the country. She is a witch; she weds with the unicorn; she must be slain, and the Prime Minister must rule the country. The players arrive just as the revolution is breaking out. Septimus, drunk throughout the play, will not rehearse for Noah; and Decima, who has the curiosity, the cruelty and the innocence of a child, has hidden herself because she is sick of playing "an old peeky-chinned, drop-nosed harridan." The Queen is terrified at assuming royalty—she wants to go to her prayers in a convent: she and Decima meet, the Queen in terror of the populace that is besieging the palace. Decima sees her chance. She puts on the robes of royalty, and is acclaimed as Queen by the people, bewitched by her beauty and the assurance of her aspect. The play is written in Mr. Yeats's eloquent, pointed, dramatic and beautiful prose. Septimus's speeches have that ecstatic gravity, laced with dashes of unexpected wit, that suits the poet and the drunkard. This part was excellently done by Mr. Robert Newton. His performance was unexceptionable, except perhaps that his drunkenness had too little ebb in it. As Nona, the actress who has taken Septimus from his wife, Lucille Lisle was admirably blunt and shrewd. The success of the play, however, depends on the actress who plays Decima: and as Decima, Joan Maude made the success of the play certain. There are few actresses who combine startling beauty with roguishness, gaiety with dignity. We first see her, hidden behind the throne, listening to the Prime Minister scolding the players for her absence. As she peered out over the seat of the throne her look of mischief, annoyance, slight alarm and hunger was perfect. She kept, with only an occasional lapse, the note of impersonality—she was, as it were, cold with heat; and everyone was caught by the fire of a beauty which could not touch its possessor. She, the unawakened, roused all who came in contact with her; and even her anger and grief when she learns of Septimus's infidelity were the rage of a child betrayed rather than of a wife deceived. It was a lovely and moving performance—the more remarkable as Joan Maude is still acting in a shocker eight times a week.

Miss Nancy Price must know what gratitude is. Everyone who saw any of the four performances she has given us should now write and urge her to have a season of Yeats's plays in the evening bill; let us have a chance of seeing *Deirdre* with Joan Maude in the title-part; let us have *The King's Threshold*, *The Countess Cathleen*, *The Resurrection*, and that amazing play on Jonathan Swift, *The Writing on the Window-Pane*.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Julius Caesar," at the Old Vic

"Who," said a Chinaman on seeing this play the first time, "is the next King," and this is the crux of *Julius Caesar*, though it is apt to be forgotten. The Chinaman was, in point of fact, somewhat disappointed when Octavius was pointed out to him, and said, "He does not make enough noise." The play, though ideal for University Dramatic Societies, is always difficult to cast in the West End, owing to the enormous number of minor parts, but it is always fun seeing Marullus reappearing as Trebonius, etc., with the addition of a couple of streaks of blue paint. The "Old Vic" company enjoys itself hugely and the producer has devised his setting very ingeniously with a charming Biedermeyer colonnade and steps for the first part, with a front platform and stairs disappearing into the orchestra well, and a very Valkyrie-ish rocky pass for Philippi. The play, divided into two parts, moves much better for the action than in three; for, though it makes the first part rather long, it allows it to move steadily up to Antony's oration and puts this in its proper dramatic sequence, instead of emphasising it as a star turn. Into this scheme, Mr. Swinley's Antony, a coarse lad from the stables, fitted very well. Cassius, one of the finest parts in Shakespeare, is also God's gift to the ham actor. Mr. Devlin with the most Fuseli-like make-up, out-stared the lightning, till the thunder gave up its job with a faint whine of corrugated iron—a good enough performance for the O.U.D.S., but not for London. Brutus is always difficult, because of his nobility. Mr. Leo Genn, playing it as the Captain of the School, wore his colours with the right air, but there was an element of smugness, and it is quite certain that if he had been going to give Lucius six of the best for falling asleep over his lyre, he would have said, "It hurts me more than it does you"; possibly of course, that is Brutus. Mr. Keneth Kent as Casca and Mr. Cecil Trouncer as Caesar gave the best performance, the former with an indefinably eighteenth-century air, getting all the humour out of old Casca without overpainting his bluffness, the latter making a credible and important character out of Caesar and considerably enhancing the dramatic interest in consequence. The crowd growled happily in their orchestral den, and debagged the poet Cinna with great gusto, but their shouts of murder, fire, etc., were

SINGLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

officially recommended during winter by

STANDARD

timed so beautifully that they might just as well have been saying: "We—want—more—Gracie—Fields."

"Sowers of the Hills" at the Westminster

This is a play that says too much. Upon this farm in Provence (is it not, in essence, beneath the Gallic fantasy, every farm everywhere?) for a while the wind talks in the trees, the brook sings, the horses shift comfortably in the warm stables, and in this too poetic murmuring of nature the plaintive human query is nearly lost. Maitre Antoine, Madame Delphine's new husband whom she adores, is a modern kind of man, eager to make good lands out of picturesque but idle countryside; but to his step-son, Aubert, in mastering the soil with tractors and blasting he rather ravages it. The devil of it is that each is right, that each makes just contact with nature in his own way, and that the dramatist, anxious to proceed to his second and more important theme, takes the easy way out by playing partisan. Then Catherine, loved by the truant Aubert, finds in the end she has desired only the beginning of a very different womanhood, and Madame foretells for her, too, the ultimate knowledge that a woman has two sides to her that no man can satisfy equally. It is, indeed, a dramatic form that requires a good deal of the actors. Had Madame Delphine, for instance, been quite sure of her direction in that intimate first scene with Catherine we should have learned before the personal tale of development and disillusion, but Miss Sara Allgood, undecided whether to present an Irish peasant woman or the archetypal mother divided against herself, hovered uneasily and ineffectually between the two. Mr. Marius Goring, in the clear-cut and consequently easier character of Aubert, alone reached vividness and vitality; though Miss Vera Poliakoff erected for Catherine a brave and beautiful façade. Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith was happier before his subjugation by pagan nature, and among the lesser personages in M. Michel St. Denis' elegantly stylised production there were two nicely drawn performances by Mr. Reginald Beckwith as a mechanic returning to the soil and Miss Jean Shepeard conjuring up its earlier happiness.

The Film Society at the New Gallery

To judge by the volume of applause that greeted the close of the Film Society's eighty-first performance, *Three Songs of Lenin*, as compared to the bursts of enthusiasm punctuating the second half of the picture, about twice as many people were impressed by its cinematographic merits as by its propagandist force. Yet it was fine propaganda and not particularly good art. Still, it had the primary merit of fully achieving its purpose, and this covered a multitude of flaws. Only if one arbitrarily separated the effects from the effect, the method from the message, was it evidently a haphazard and often wearisome film. The first of the three Songs, a Ballad, owed much to Shaporin's magnificent music and little to its meaning. The second, a Dirge for Lenin, though largely composed of old newsreel material, relied less on biographical interest than on a deeply religious inspiration of hero-worship to which a bourgeois intelligentsia could only partially respond, as to a powerful opiate of the future. The third, a Marching Song, whirled Director Vertov, his photographer comrades, Shaporin and the whole audience into a very loud and spirited montage of ice-floes, parachutes, the ecstasy of production, a rose, gymnastics, and the statue of Lenin. The wistful refrain of this proletarian triumph was: "If Lenin could see our country now. . . ." If, too, he could have seen this England at one moment fervently acclaiming him, at the next rigidly quiet for *God Save the King*, he would surely have found such dexterity—or stolidity—both puzzling and perfidious. We had previously seen Elton's *Housing Problems*, a gloomy, straightforward essay on slum conditions, and *Coal Face*, a G.P.O. slice of statistical reality (one out of five British miners injured every year, four killed every working day), which, even as British documentaries go, was particularly impressive. Beside these films, *Sea Urchin* paled into mere proof that, when greatly speeded up, the processes of marine biology can become photogenic and yet remain acutely boring; but there were also three coloured advertising films, two German and one British, of which Len Lye's *Kaleidoscope* was brilliant and Kaskelin's *Stoff Märchen* exceedingly pretty. An excellent programme.

The Covent Garden Club

The Covent Garden Club opened on October 28th with a performance of Arnold Bennett's unacted play *Flora*. The last act contains one of the most moving scenes he wrote for the stage. The situation between mother and daughter is a real emotional crux, and it is handled with feeling and truth—and with feeling and truth Miss Barbara Everest (Flora) and Miss Eve Robere, Flora's mother, interpreted it. It was astonishing how vivid the play suddenly became at this climax, in comparison with all that led slowly up to it. A. B. was so interested in *facts* that humdrum realism lit by a little pawky humour, much honest sympathy and occasionally by rather crude satire, amused and satisfied him as a playwright. This, however, is not enough for the stage. Hence the marked inferiority of what he wrote for it, compared with his fiction. Only when his theme forced him (and how rarely this happened!) to intensity, did his almost pedantic common sense permit him to leave the level of the commonplace for the dramatic. Mr. Edward Gee played the part of Flora's hypochondriacal and bewildered father with an unobtrusive naturalness and inexpressive pathos exactly suited to this low-pitched part. It was a part that required an actor to behave rather than to act. Miss Everest is an actress whom managers might keep in mind for "young generation" parts; she has all those qualities.

"Douanes" at the Sadler's Wells

French customs house officials are a justly detested race, vultures whose infected claws mark our collars with their criminal finger prints. Mr. Geoffrey Toye, however, has made a ballet about them in which their svelte elegance is equalled only by their flirtatiousness. And among the victims of their inquisition they have luck to find a tight-rope walker, travelling in her professional costume. One misses the female customs officials in their rancid black, and couldn't we have had the most famous of all *douaniers*, Henri Rousseau, scattering lingerie with his left hand while he painted with his right? *Douanes* is a very gay affair and Miss Ninette Valois dances to her own choreography with elegance and the greatest wit. Frederick Ashton and Robert Helpmann are also excellent, and Harold Turner gives a brilliant eccentric dance, unfortunately in a make-up which conceals his exceptionally expressive face. Mr. Toye's music is pleasant to hear and good to dance to, and Sophie Fedorovitch has made one of the best decors yet seen at Sadler's Wells. After *Douanes*, which is a good ballet, we were given *Façade*, which is both choreographically and musically better, with Pearl Argyle more ravishing than ever and the delicious Margot Fonteyn, a star already well above the horizon.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 1st—
- Mrs. E. M. Hubback on "Some Difficulties Considered," Morley College, 5.30.
- John Strachey on "Abyssinia and the League of Nations," Essex (Small) Hall, 7.
- Mrs. J. Chance on "The Abortion Question," Conway Hall, 7.30.
- "Murder in the Cathedral," Mercury Theatre, Ladbroke Road.

SATURDAY, November 2nd—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- "Short Story," Queen's Theatre.

SUNDAY, November 3rd—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The New Credulity," Conway Hall, 11.
- The Griller String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- R. Bishop on "The Press and the Workers," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, November 4th—
- Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, Dorland House.
- "The Man Who Ate the Popomack," Grafton Theatre.

TUESDAY, November 5th—
- N. M. Joshi on "Indian Unity," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Prof. E. T. Campagnac on "The School and the Safeguarding of Peace," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
- Prof. J. B. S. Haldane on "Scientific Progress," Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 6.
- Mass Meeting of Church of England to discuss Christian action in Social Problems, Albert Hall, 8.
- Mr. Norman Haire on "Sex and the State," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 8.
- Mrs. J. B. Kutschbach on "The Foundations of Public Health," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

WEDNESDAY, November 6th—
- Dr. Enid Charles on "The Coming Crisis in Population," Morley College, 7.30.

THURSDAY, November 7th—
- Prof. Julian Huxley on "Scientific Progress," Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 6.
- Royal Philharmonic Society (Beecham), Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Menace of Nazi-Fascist Planning," Friends Hall, Euston Road, 8.30.

FRIDAY, November 8th—
- Mrs. Barbara Drake on "The School Child," Fabian Common Rooms, 11 Dartmouth Street, 5.30.

Published today

Of vital importance for all electors

1 **INQUEST ON PEACE** 1

BY "VIGILANTES"

author of the famous New Statesman pamphlets "The Dying Peace" and "Abyssinia"

being a ruthless analysis of the National Govt's Foreign Policy

367 pages, 3/6

The Sino-Japanese Conflict & the Far Eastern War Danger —The Disarmament Conference—Germany at the Disarmament Conference & After—The European Negotiations—The Italo-Abyssinian War—The National Government & Collective Security—Causes & Consequences

2 **ABYSSINIA & ITALY** 2

BY EMILE BURNS · 3/6

Analysis of the deeper causes which lie behind the events & diplomatic history of recent months

GOLLANCZ 14 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I remember once seeing Lord Hailsham come up to the top of the Pavilion at Lord's on the first day of the Eton and Harrow match. He had been staying with us at Aldershot just before, and sat down next to me. I said: "Mr. Baldwin is sitting two rows behind you." He answered: "I don't care where Mr. Baldwin is sitting. I never speak to him on this occasion." Needless to add that Mr. Baldwin was at Harrow.

THIS charming anecdote, told a week or two ago by a General whose international manners are so good that he once saved us from a war with Turkey, is an excellent illustration of the importance of what are now called "cultural distinctions." For one day in the year Mr. Baldwin and his fellow Harrovians are beyond the pale while the Etonians are to them creatures of the ghetto. A better instance of group feeling can hardly be imagined, since all the spectators are of the same class and most of them of the same ethnic group. Prejudice is naturally stronger when class distinctions are involved. As an instance of the latter, I may recall a little book, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century, which I remember finding in my bedroom as a child some thirty years ago. The author, whose name I forget, put great trust in facial angles, and the hand-coloured frontispiece represented a striking series entitled: Man, King, Gorilla. Man was represented by Jeremy Bentham and was given an angle of at least 90 degrees; Royalty was exhibited in the shape of the unfortunate Ferdinand I, Emperor of Austria, the semi-imbecile son of Maria Theresa, and got a bare 45 degrees with a young, intellectual-looking gorilla a few points below him. I naturally concluded that all kings were sub-human and that Ferdinand was the worst of them. I should have felt differently if I had been told how he went into a peasant's hut and helped himself to dumplings and when his equerry, or keeper, tried to draw him off he cried out angrily: "Kaiser bin i' und Knüdel muss i' haben," an exclamation that has passed into the proverbs of his country.

* * *

Such cultivation of hatred is, of course, easiest of all where the inhabitants of another country, speaking another language and believed to be of another "race," are concerned. We laugh at the idea of Lord Hailsham shunning Mr. Baldwin as a leper for one day in the year, or at the faked facial angle of a Habsburg half-wit being used as an argument for republicanism, but we all hold just as ridiculous beliefs about our own race ourselves, even if we do not bolster them up with quite as much nonsense as the modern Germans. The fact that the Germans are attempting to build up a new culture and a new pagan religion upon ideas of their own racial purity and an idealisation of their primitive Nordic ancestors, and that they are using these false ideas to justify the ill-treatment of Jews and others, makes us contemptuous of them, and as a result we feel ourselves racially superior. Are not tolerance, intelligence, the love of liberty and justice and the hatred of cruelty rooted in our blood, as well as all the other virtues that have made us what we are? This is, of course, as much nonsense as Rosenberg's propaganda. If one wants to find out quite how silly it is one should read *We Europeans*, by Julian Huxley, A. C. Haddon and A. M. Carr-Saunders (Cape 8s. 6d.), which is an extremely interesting, topical, and valuable study of the ethnic groups that have been combined in Europe. The authors make short work of the idea of an *Aryan Race*. They incline to the view that the Aryan languages have been a potent factor in the rise of European civilisation to world supremacy. I wonder how many non-Aryan languages they know well? The Hindus are well equipped with Aryan languages, but Arabic is more important than any of them, because the Arabs were good seamen and pushed their way about the world. Be this as it may, there has never been an Aryan race in Europe; the Persians, perhaps, have the best title to the word of any people outside India. They have just exercised their option on it by rechristening their country *Iran*. Incidentally the Hittites, who have some claim to have given the Jews their noses, spoke an Aryan language. The Nordic myth gets equally short shrift. There were and there are Nordic types, who are found in a remarkably pure form in Sweden, but the Germans, east of the Elbe, are not predominantly Nordic. The Germans appear to be a mixture of Nordic and Eurasiatic types with a certain amount of Mongol and Ugrian blood in the East. As we all know from observation, Germans very frequently have flattened backs to their heads, whereas the Nordics are long-headed. This flattened occiput is falsely attributed to German babies being put to lie on their backs, but unless he adopts some practice of binding babies' skulls comparable to that of the Flat-head Indians it is not likely that Hitler will fill out this flattened portion. The English are on the average a longer-headed and a taller people than the Germans and nearer the Nordic type. The *Germani*, described by Tacitus, upon whose primitive virtues the Nazis build their dream of racial purity, appear, literally, to have gone west. That is to say the ancestors of the modern Germans seem to have driven these ideally virtuous, red-haired, probably linguistically Celtic people into France, where no doubt they have handed down some of their chastity to the French.

* * *

The Nordics appear to have invaded northern Europe in two waves, coming from the Steppes of Russia, where long-headed people are found buried in barrows. The first wave seems to have been represented by the horseless and swordless God, Thor, armed with an axe, or a hammer, the second by Odin, who was a horseman and wore a sword. It is peculiar that Herodotus describes people who appear to be Khirghiz, or Tartars living on koumiss, about 450 B.C., living in much the same place as these Nordics are supposed to have come from. It is perhaps less puzzling if we reflect that the Steppes of Russia must have been covered with wild horses and that all the human inhabitants must have lived on horse flesh and mares' milk. The only claim that can reasonably be made for the superiority of the Nordics must be founded on their being horsemen, or on their good looks. Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo and a whole army of platinum blondes show the intrinsic importance of blue or grey eyes and fair hair, which I should be the last to deny. But the great inventions —agriculture, the wheel, the use of metals, and writing—were certainly not made by the Nordics. The great early culture of Western Europe, that of the megalithic builders, was Mediterranean, and the whole of our civilisation from that time onwards has been Mediterranean and derived from a type represented by the ancient Egyptians, the Berbers, and the Spaniards. There are small pockets of very primitive people like the Basques who may "represent the modified remnant of an Upper Palaeolithic stock which occupied Spain long before the arrival of the neolithic Mediterraneans." The third type, which is definitely recognisable and counts in Europe, is the Eurasiatic, or Alpine, which exists in fairly pure forms in the Auvergne and in the Russian peasants. Almost all the modern European nations are mixtures of these three types which have interbred and interbred, producing all sorts of recombinations but never producing definite physically stable types.

> There will not be a uniform mixed type, but the same tendency to form recombinations will occur, generation after generation. Those who have been to Sicily know how types immediately classifiable as "Greek," "Moorish," and "Norman," and those with certain negroid characters, still crop up strikingly in the more mixed general population after centuries of crossing. The same phenomenon occurs in Britain, where we still find men of well-marked Mediterranean type, dark and small and swarthy.

In an excellent chapter on the Principles of Heredity applied to man, we are told how Mendelism works and why this must be expected in such interbreeding.

* * *

One or two minor criticisms can be made. I do not think myself it is true to say of Americans:

> Their approach to and outlook upon matters of daily concern are peculiar to them, and in this field they differ more from any European nation than European nations differ from one another.

World Copyright Strictly Reserved

LEAGUE PERSONALITIES by KAPP

Arthur Henderson

THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Week-end Publication in New and Enlarged Form

In future THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT will appear at the week-end instead of on Thursday. The change is being made to meet the convenience of readers. Few people nowadays have time to read all the books they wish to read or even, among the distractions of the week, to decide their selection from the abundant output of the publishing houses.

The week-end provides the leisure necessary, and *The Times Literary Supplement* will be at hand to inform and guide a discriminating choice.

The *Literary Supplement* is the only weekly paper devoted solely to books. During a life of more than 30 years the fearless independence of its reviews has established it throughout the world as a recognized criterion of literary merit.

In an enlarged form the *Literary Supplement* will more than ever make good its claim to be the indispensable minister of taste, whether the taste be for fiction, travel, biography, history, belles-lettres, science, politics, art, or religion.

Its critics, all anonymous, are experts. Its standpoint is impartial. It is no respecter of passing fashions, of bookish conventions, or of ephemeral reputations.

The pages of the *Literary Supplement* provide the widest variety of reading from the newest thriller to the latest work of scholarship.

In short, its aim is to be honest, readable and complete.

The LITERARY SUPPLEMENT is printed upon a page of convenient size in the clearest of type on the whitest of paper, and the display of its contents will be found an invitation to the eye.

24 Pages ★ Price Threepence ★ Every Saturday

ORDER NOW

My own belief is that the Americans are in most important respects extremely close to other colonists of chiefly British origin, and far more like the English than the English are like either the Serbs or the Russians. It seems to me also curiously unscientific to say that the changed physical appearance of Americans in the last fifty years is due to social and not genetic factors.

> What used to strike foreign observers was the prevalence of tall lantern-jawed individuals; what strikes them now is the prevalence of square-faced stocky business men. Uncle Sam has given place to Mr. Babbitt.

Surely this is because Mr. Babbitt has swarmed in, in millions from Southern and Eastern Europe. The stocky square-faced fellow may be half Italian and half Finn. There are plenty of lantern-jawed farmers and I have been told, perhaps wrongly, that the average height of Americans is now increasing. In the same part of the book the author asks: "What proportion of people can supply even the names of all their eight great-grandparents, let alone give an account of them all?" To which I should answer almost anyone who came of settled people and took any interest in his own ancestry. There is an extremely interesting account of the various kinds of Jews in Europe and of their widely differing physical characteristics. They are no more of a "race" than the Germans and they have been produced by the crossing of widely differing elements, and by the unfortunate effects of their persecution and their religion. The average Jew has nothing physically in common with the small surviving group of Samaritans—an extremely closed caste that has remained on its present site since at least 500 B.C. These sound a most attractive people, but there are only about a hundred individuals. There were about seven million Jews in the Roman Empire, most of whom were proselytes to the Hebrew religion; there are about fifteen million of them now, so they have only doubled their numbers in fifteen hundred years. The conclusion of *We Europeans* is admirably lucid and impartial. While the writer points out that race mixture in the past has been beneficial, he says that this does not imply that it must be always good.

> From a purely biologic standpoint it might conceivably be a good thing to undertake mass-crossing between the . . . Americans and the Chinese on account of the new genetic recombinations to be obtained. But the social systems involved would be unable to stand the strain. . .
>
> Racialism is a myth, and a dangerous myth at that. It is a cloak for selfish economic aims which in their uncloaked nakedness would look ugly enough. And it is not scientifically grounded.

Since the seeds of the racial myth are psychological and since we all have them in ourselves, everyone who is interested in truth ought to read this book. They will learn how very little mankind knows about its proper study.

DAVID GARNETT

ME

Steady Drummer. By STANLEY CASSON. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Motor Tramp. By JOHN HEYGATE. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Visit to America. By A. G. MACDONELL. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Nursery in the Nineties. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Lifetime in Egypt. By MABEL CAILLARD. *Grant Richards.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Life and Loves of a Prodigal Daughter. By GERVÉE BARONTE. *Baronte Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One can divide all autobiography into three classes, that which achieves general interest through merit, that which is entertaining to people who knew the author and his friends, followed the same profession or lived in the same place, and that which, written by one author, deserves exactly one reader, what Plotinus describes as "the flight of the Alone to the Alone."

Steady Drummer belongs to the first group, *Motor Tramp* and *A Visit to America* hover on the brink of it. Mr. Casson is an Oxford don who has written about his war experiences on the Western front and in Salonika. His outlook is intelligent, dry, realist; he takes great pains to show what it felt like to be a young man in 1914 and to recapture a certain stolid insensitiveness, one notices it in Saki, which was characteristic of a generation who grew up to expect war as a natural effect of European high blood-pressure, but had no idea what such a war was going to become.

> There are so few of those young men alive now. Gaps we knew there would be, losses we knew would occur, but we hadn't counted on being left alone. I had pictured, in my early ruminations in August, 1914, reunions after the war when we should all drink to the memory of so-and-so and someone else. But one cannot drink alone to the memory of a crowd.

The Western front episodes, where the author was merely a subaltern, are built up to show what it really feels like to be under fire, in a gas attack, wounded in the leg, and so forth. In the second part the author has a more responsible position and is able to write of the strategy and politics of the Greek campaigns with authority. It makes gloomy reading; the spectacle of the Greek people being cajoled, then bullied, then finally starved into war by the allies, headed by the maniacal Sarrail, is but one act in the give-and-take of cruelty and injustice which must one day whip out into as many more wars as there are turns in a watch spring. "The world will have to develop a civilisation that is infinitely more intelligent and sane before the belief in war can be abandoned" is the conclusion of Mr. Casson and, since any war book is now a topical book, I recommend this exact, authentic, and detached picture of it. Mr. Casson, himself a scholar and archaeologist, incidentally dispels one illusion:

> I could not even read any book of serious import. . . . I have read of earnest civilian soldiers who always carried in their pockets a Horace or a Homer. That they carried them in their pockets I fully believed, but that they ever unaffectedly read them for pleasure in the midst of war and destruction, I frankly do not believe. They may have tried to read them . . . but that they ever succeeded I simply cannot credit.

Motoring is rather like war, it dulls all spiritual activity except the drowsy pleasure of motion, and removes all feeling of responsibility beyond the desire to get to the right place for dinner. There is not much motoring literature, for motoring is the antithesis of literature. Every real motorist knows that it is intolerable to stop for a moment on any pretext except extreme hunger or mechanical breakdown. He pays lip service to churches, picture galleries and old towns, but will not slow up for any of them, for he thinks in terms of kilometres and gallons. Mr. Heygate admits all this and confines his book to the motorist's world, his talks with chance acquaintances, customs officials, hitchhikers, and the pleasures of motoring through the Alps in winter in an open car. It is a pleasant book, these musings of a drug addict between doses of his poison. The chapters on Nazi Germany and the Nazi movement in Austria are extremely interesting, but it has one fault of looking like articles strung together, and often relapsing into the rather embarrassing confessional manner of the "I"-men on the *Daily Express*. You know the type of thing: "I had met the girl. I had walked ten thousand miles. I had seen men's passions roused—and I had glimpsed the face of that mysterious beauty men call Ulster!" But then, it is very unusual for a motorist to write at all.

A Visit to America is a disappointing book. The author travels over on a boat and notes "The benevolent expression upon the face of President Harding, whose portrait presided like a patron saint over most of our activities"—yet he has hardly left New York before everybody asks him what he thinks of the New Deal. "England seems to have come through all right," etc. If he has made several journeys they had much better be kept separate. I think it is an axiom that if a good book is to be written about America it will not be written by an English author returning from the usual tour (New York-Chicago-Hollywood by the Walpole trail). Mr. Macdonell belongs to the Scotch satirical school, that is to say his book is superficial, agreeable, anxious not to cause offence, usually keeping just about one away from the obvious. "There are also, I believe, some stock-yards in Chicago. I did not visit them, but I was informed of their existence. Frequently." A certain gusto attempting to conceal heroic struggles to pad out a slender material.

A Nursery in the Nineties describes a family of child geniuses, the American part is more interesting than the English. *A Lifetime in Egypt* lives up to its title, Miss Caillard understands the art of telling everything and nothing.

Life and Loves of a Prodigal Daughter has a sub-title "The Frankest Memoirs since Casanova's," which is open to question, though the book is an excellent example of group three. "I have

A NOVEL OF TREMENDOUS POWER, A HORRIBLE STORY THAT HOLDS ONE ENCHAINED IN A SHOCKED FASCINATION.—*Glasgow Herald.*

NO MEAN CITY

Alexander McArthur and H. Kingsley Long

This story is based on the unpublished novels and note-books of Alexander McArthur (of the Gorbals, Glasgow, unemployed) who was born in the slums, and has lived in them all his life. 7/6 *net.*

Before Publication

The Publishers from the outset felt justified in issuing this book from their knowledge of the circumstances in which it came to be written.
At a later stage, for certain reasons, they took further advice from those whose judgment they trusted and they are privileged to quote that advice originally given in confidence.

THE LORD BISHOP OF GLASGOW

"NO MEAN CITY" is indeed a grim book, telling with convincing detachment a story of Glasgow slum-life. As a novel it necessarily gives a partial picture, but I believe that picture to be sadly true to life; and sordid though it is, it is right that it should be told. The story is unpleasant but it is not "nasty"; it has in it something of the quality of tragedy in that it purges the emotions; it does not stir up unhealthy feelings.

THE DEAN OF YORK

The challenge and protest of the book are needed and I believe the writers to be justified in all the terrible outspokenness of their story. It depicts a-moral people and happenings for no other reason than that it is necessary for the public to know just what happens when the environment of life is such that it makes a-moral living inevitable.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH

I have read it with very great interest and I have no difficulty in believing that, horrible as it is, the slum picture is not an exaggerated one, though of the gangster part I cannot judge. I hope the book will be widely read.

HOWARD MARSHALL, Author of "Slum"

I am strongly of the opinion that the publication of books like NO MEAN CITY is a public service. Admittedly the book focusses attention on the poorest section of the community: it must not be taken as a representation of the general standards of life in slum areas, but how else could the plight of these unfortunate folk have been so forcibly driven home? That it needs to be driven home there is no doubt.

On Publication

THE GLASGOW HERALD

A novel of tremendous power, a horrible story that holds one enchained in a shocked fascination.

The book reveals with such candour as may well never before have been employed in a work of fiction dealing with slum life the brutality and vice that mark these gangsters and their followers.

Only the uttermost sincerity and passionate resolution to expose the beastliness that underlies the false glamour surrounding and distorting "Gangsters" and "Razor Kings" could justify Mr. McArthur's manner of writing.

The body, the spirit, even the language of the work are unmistakably those of one who has endured the squalor and bestiality of slum existence.

Loathing uncleanness he has had it forced for a lifetime under his notice, now he forces it on the public . . . . . that he may clear the obsession out of his adult consciousness.

If this interpretation is wrong then the book never should have been written; but if it were not correct then NO MEAN CITY would not have had the ring of authenticity that cannot possibly be denied to it.

NO MEAN CITY

1st Printing exhausted. *2nd Printing on sale.* *3rd Printing ordered.*

LONGMANS

dared and dared," concludes the authoress, "but I have seldom triumphed. What a lot of doors have closed on me before I could get inside! I shall keep on daring. I shall continue to wander up and down the world looking for beauty, romance, and love."

Miss Baronte is also author of *The Land of the Lingam*, under the pseudonym of Arthur Miles. CYRIL CONNOLLY

ASYLUM

Asylum. By WILLIAM SEABROOK. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Accounts of mental hospitals written by patients are liable to be drafted from the point of view of an injured party. Since mental disease is a withdrawal from reality, patients may describe their own symptoms instead of external events. It becomes then extremely difficult for even the expert reader to disentangle fact from fancy. Another method of approach, which has less vogue, is the careful description, by a person who is not insane, of a series of events and experiences in a world with which the public is not as familiar as it should be. This is what Mr. Seabrook has attempted in writing an account of his sojourn in an asylum in the east of the United States. He was committed on account of acute alcoholism, and was a patient there for seven months. His aim is to supply a faithful picture of an asylum as it was seen from a patient's point of view. His book *Asylum* is energetically written and cannot fail to be of absorbing interest to everyone who begins to read it, whether he is a psychiatrist or a layman.

Mr. Seabrook's experiences were undergone in a spirit of adventure, and he had the journalist's ability to make the greatest possible capital out of everyday incidents. His observations are made with a keen eye and are neatly reported. The methods by means of which the staff dealt with refractory patients are cleverly summed up thus:

> . . . life became a sort of parlour game, like charades or forfeits, and the rules were exactly the same whether you played it with the biggest doctors or the humblest little attendants. The game always began, "My lord, the carriage waits." If that didn't work they tried polite persuasion, psychology, and coaxing. If you insisted, they threw you in. You always went.

It must not, however, be supposed that force was commonly used. The high standards of behaviour of the nursing staff are emphasised throughout the book: few people realise the tact and courage which are required in this branch of social service. Doctors obtain less praise. The usual complaint against mental hospitals in this country—a complaint which has some justification—is that there are too few doctors and that, owing to this, patients cannot receive so much medical attention as we should like them to have: Mr. Seabrook felt that there were too many doctors in his particular asylum and that there was too much treatment. One doctor is singled out for attack and, of that official, the writer says: "I'll be as unfair as I possibly can, without telling actual lies." This attitude sometimes obscures the writer's judgment in other parts of the book. He is, moreover, handicapped by lack of anything more than a superficial knowledge of mental disorder, and his descriptions of fellow-patients, though sympathetic, are not always intelligible. It was towards the end of his period of residence in the institution that Mr. Seabrook decided to record his experiences, consequently his memories of some of the incidents which are described at the beginning of the book may have been a little distorted. During the first few days or weeks of his stay he was evidently not in good health and his mood was irritable; this can be reasonably inferred from the incident of the prunes. The description of the "pack" will interest psychiatrical readers in this country, where such forms of restraint are not employed.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the book is the way the hospital population was shown to be divided into two groups: the reader can appreciate the difficulty of finding out, without definite inquiry, on "which side of the fence" any individual stood. It was not immediately obvious to a newcomer whether an individual was a patient or an attendant, physician or workman, and several amusing incidents arise from this situation. The general atmosphere of make-believe, by means of which patients were treated in every way possible as though they were at home or in an hotel, seems to have been irksome to their sensibilities if they were unable to forget that they had no keys.

Throughout the book there is plenty of material for the consideration of those who have knowledge of mental hospital work. It is not simply sufficient to say that if, at such-and-such a mental hospital, there may have been certain peculiar routines, we personally would not have allowed them in our own. The difficult problems of institutional treatment have to be considered in an unbiased manner and Mr. Seabrook's contribution from the patient's point of view is a very welcome one. At the same time, one is at liberty to doubt whether the journalistic method of presentation adopted by the writer necessarily gives the general public the clearest possible picture of the facts.

L. S. PENROSE

NEW NOVELS

It Can't Happen Here. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Darkness and Dawn. By ALEXEI TOLSTOI. Translated by EDITH BONE and EMILE BURNS. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Murder Makes a Man. By WILLIAM WALSH. *Longmans.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

King Coffin. By CONRAD AIKEN. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Five Men Go to Prison. By RALPH STRAUS. *Chapman and Hall.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In Sight of the Promised Land. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. Translated by BÉATRICE DE HOLTHOIR. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sinclair Lewis's new book may perform an exceedingly useful service if it awakens the great American people to the dangers of Fascist rule; but, from the literary point of view, it may perform an almost equally important function if it arouses novelists to the danger of writing books in a hurry, under the impulse of violent and bitter feeling. For there is no blinking the fact that *It Can't Happen Here* is a remarkably bad book. I have never thought of Sinclair Lewis as a first-rate novelist; but I have always considered him an extremely competent writer, capable of clothing everything that he wrote in a certain air of solidity and probability. Not that the events he foretells are necessarily improbable; but his manner of telling them is so flat, and borrows so many *clichés* from popular fiction and so many episodes from the modern talking film, that his violence and obvious sincerity lose half their effect. *It Can't Happen Here* is a tragedy of the future, based on hints provided by the present and by the immediate past. Buzz Windrip is *not* Huey Long; nor is Bishop Paul Peter Prang to be identified with Father Coughlin; since both Coughlin and Long achieve independent notice; but there is no doubt that they have helped to inspire the narrative. Like the late unlamented Louisiana Kingfish, Senator Windrip is a political boss, with a powerful platform personality, huge vitality, immense vulgarity, and a knack of coining slogans that catch the attention of the newspaper-minded masses over whom he rules. Aided by his sinister henchman, Lee Sarason, he shoulders his way to the front, armed with a specious but deceptive Share-the-Wealth scheme, and proceeds to enjoy two years of absolute dominion, during which the excesses of the Nazi regime are precisely repeated. We see the first-fruits of the Windrip-Sarason tyranny through the eyes of Doremus Jessup, a dear little Liberal editor, who is himself arrested, beaten and imprisoned in the cause of justice. Jessup is a Liberal *par excellence*. Mr. Lewis does not like Fascists; but he has not very much use for Communists; and the future (he hopes and believes) belongs to Liberals of the Jessup type, humorous, sympathetic, well educated, out for free thought, fair play and the rights of the individual, and determined to die rather than to submit. Alas, few dispassionate observers—few Liberals even—would be prepared to sponsor this comparatively optimistic standpoint; and, whatever one's own opinions, one must admit that Mr. Lewis has not made Doremus Jessup a particularly convincing or interesting figure. He has worked far too hard to make him lovable. He is such a dear little man—"like a bright-eyed, apprehensive little bird," threatened by the monstrous Fascist vulture—that he is not allowed to go to bed or sit down, but "plumps" into his armchair and "pads," firmly yet pacifically, across his bedroom carpet. We know that when he barks his shins he will not swear or sulk, but "curse competently"—that he will turn out to have a faithful but stupid dog. Mr. Lewis is lavish of endearing touches; and, after a while, they set the reader's teeth on edge.

Altogether, *It Can't Happen Here* lacks the clever craftsmanship that we should expect from the author of *Babbitt*, *Main Street*, and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's other early successes. It suggests a somewhat hurried condensation of a longer, more spaciously designed and more carefully written book. Buzz Windrip's rule and its appalling consequences are described from page 119 to page 378, when he is deposed by Lee Sarason, who bursts into his

The most successful car of its class is the Daimler '15'

It was this car that Mr. John Prioleau, in the *Observer*, described as 'one of the best cars Daimler has ever made.' To-day it is even better. Faster. Livelier! And still as suave as silk. And it costs £465! The same writer, struck by the roominess, the generous breadth of vision available to the driver, and the palpable comfort for driver and passengers alike, summed up the car as 'comfortable in the fullest sense of the word.' Now it is luxurious. Don't you feel that a trial run would be very much worth your while? Write for full details at once to The Daimler Co., 169 Sandy Lane, Coventry.

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Ten minutes at the wheel of a car with this transmission will spoil you for any other

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

room flourishing a dagger at dead of night; and the remaining thirty pages are taken up with the story of how Sarason—after staging homosexual orgies in the White House—is himself deposed by a third Dictator, whose reign introduces an era of civil war. Jessup, meanwhile, who has escaped from his concentration camp, exchanges safe exile in Canada for the hazardous life of a secret agent. On the last page, Fascist pursuers are hard at his heels. He walks out into the glory of early morning. "And still Doremus goes on in the red sunrise, for a Doremus Jessup can never die."

Whereas Mr. Lewis's revolution is hypothetical, the author of *Darkness and Dawn* deals with a revolution that is an accomplished historical fact. A note on the dust-cover informs me that Alexei Tolstoi (descended from both Tolstoi and Turgenev) is one of Russia's three most popular modern writers, the other two being Gorki and Stalin himself; and certainly his book—which I approached with set teeth and a sinking heart, prepared for the usual Soviet epic, of vast length and unconscionable dullness—is among the finest, vividest and generally most readable Communist novels that I have yet seen. In the opening chapters we are introduced to a prosperous middle-class family on the eve of the Great War. Smokovnikov is a successful barrister, histrionic, neurotic, easily moved to tears and threats of suicide; Katia, his wife, collects poets, futurists, anarchists, intellectual eccentrics of every kind, and, among her other activities, helps to raise funds for an obscure political group, known as the Bolsheviki, then established in Paris; while Dasha, Smokovnikov's sister-in-law, is an impressionable virgin much distressed by the discovery that Katia has recently been unfaithful to her husband. The novelist—and this is perhaps the only section of his book where a distinct propagandist element is allowed to emerge—draws a lurid picture of the futility and instability of the pre-war Russian intellectual; and the Smokovnikovs' family life—or lack of family life—is made the subject of several highly diverting tragi-comic episodes. Naturally, they welcome the revolution that offers an escape from their own private dilemma—the revolution of which they have thought and vapoured so much; but very soon it has begun to overwhelm them. Smokovnikov is beaten to death by the troops he is addressing; Katia and Dasha are cast adrift in the civil war.

The opening chapters are good; but even better is Tolstoi's treatment of the events of 1917 and 1918. Nowhere have I read a more vividly written account of the happenings that led up to the outbreak of revolution and the period of anarchy and civil war by which the "bloodless revolution" was presently followed. Both Katia and Dasha marry during the revolutionary years. Katia's second husband decides to join the Whites; while Dasha's husband, Telegin, a charming engineer who has known and admired her at a distance during her prosperous pre-revolutionary days, becomes an officer in the Red Army on active service. Through the lives of these individuals we are initiated into the history of the civil war, as it sweeps backwards and forwards, huge, hideous, undirected, across Russia and Siberia. We never quite lose touch with the central personages; but, carried away by the excitement of his theme, the novelist extends his story to include characters of many different types—White officers, Red partisans, Communist organisers, and several examples of the type of adventurer, bloodthirsty, fanatical, often depraved and sometimes half-demented, who comes to the surface in any revolution and any country, when ordinary restraints and standards are thrown down.

The later sections of *Darkness and Dawn* are all the more impressive because there is no attempt to persuade the reader that every White was a brutal opportunist and every Red the bluff, bronzed, shrewd-eyed, towsle-headed friend of the people with whom we have grown familiar in Communist films. He does not underestimate the tremendous toll of human suffering, misery and estrangement that a revolution, in the nature of things, must demand and take. And not the least vivid chapters of the book describe Moscow and Petrograd, icy, silent, derelict; streets unswept, shops boarded up, terror in the air; while harmless citizens are left to the mercy of gangsters and thugs—from the so-called "Anarchist" bands (also described by Mr. Bruce Lockhart in his *Memoirs of a British Agent*) to the "leapers," a strange confraternity of footpads who terrorised belated pedestrians by fixing springs to the soles of their boots and moving through the snowy darkness in a series of fantastic sub-human bounds.

Decidedly, *Dawn and Darkness* is a book to read. Beside the achievement of Alexei Tolstoi, and the bold scheme, but imperfect execution of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the remaining novels seem unambitious and rather slight. *A Murder Makes a Man, King Coffin* and *Five Men Go To Prison*—all deal with crime and with its effects upon human character. The first of the three (which is incidentally the dullest and longest) begins as a good realistic novel, somewhat in the manner of *An American Tragedy*, but concludes as an indifferent Catholic tract. The prospect of life imprisonment for a murder which he has not committed—it is the work of the girl with whom he has fancied himself in love—stirs Stephen West's religious and moral sense. And he opens his eyes to the fact that no human action, however trivial, is really isolated, and any gesture, however insignificant, may have infinite moral repercussions. After some years he is released, but, during the interval, Mother Church has scooped him in; while, later, he is privileged to witness the edifying death-bed conversion of the repentant murderess. . . . *A Murder Makes a Man* is quietly and carefully, but awkwardly and dully, written. *King Coffin*, on the other hand, bears all the distinguishing marks of having been written by a poet—by an author, that is to say, who uses every word for a definite purpose, with a very keen feeling for the value of its associations. The result is interesting, but not altogether satisfying. Jasper Ammen is a Nietzschean megalomaniac who aspires to exalt his ego, and express a raging dislike of his fellow men, by planning and executing the perfect crime. He picks out as his victim a complete stranger. . . . Personally, I was hampered in my appreciation of *King Coffin*, both by the childishness of the protagonist and by an inability to find exalted and intellectual murderers—from the hero of *Crime and Punishment* to the egregious Lafcadio of *Les Caves du Vatican*—a very stimulating or rewarding literary topic. As a type of aesthete, they seem as stupid, and, at bottom, as tedious, as the young man who designs the "perfect" domestic interior.

Mr. Straus is refreshingly prosaic. *Five Men Go To Prison* deals with the unsensational but painstaking unravelment of an unsensational but moderately well-planned crime—a case of office-breaking in the East End. Here is a study of crime detection, without any of the usual detective-story frills. Mr. Straus has written an absorbing, if not particularly exciting, book. Like the five other novels on the list, it stands by itself; whereas *In Sight of the Promised Land* must be read with some knowledge of previous volumes of *La Chronique des Pasquier*. The legacy, so long expected, is at length coming that ardent but impoverished family's way. The elder brothers are determined to extort their share from M. Pasquier, who, as usual, is wrapped in romantic dreams; while Laurent makes a dramatic renunciation. M. Pasquier is still the fascinating paternal egotist among his resentful, yet somehow deeply admiring, brood.

PETER QUENNELL

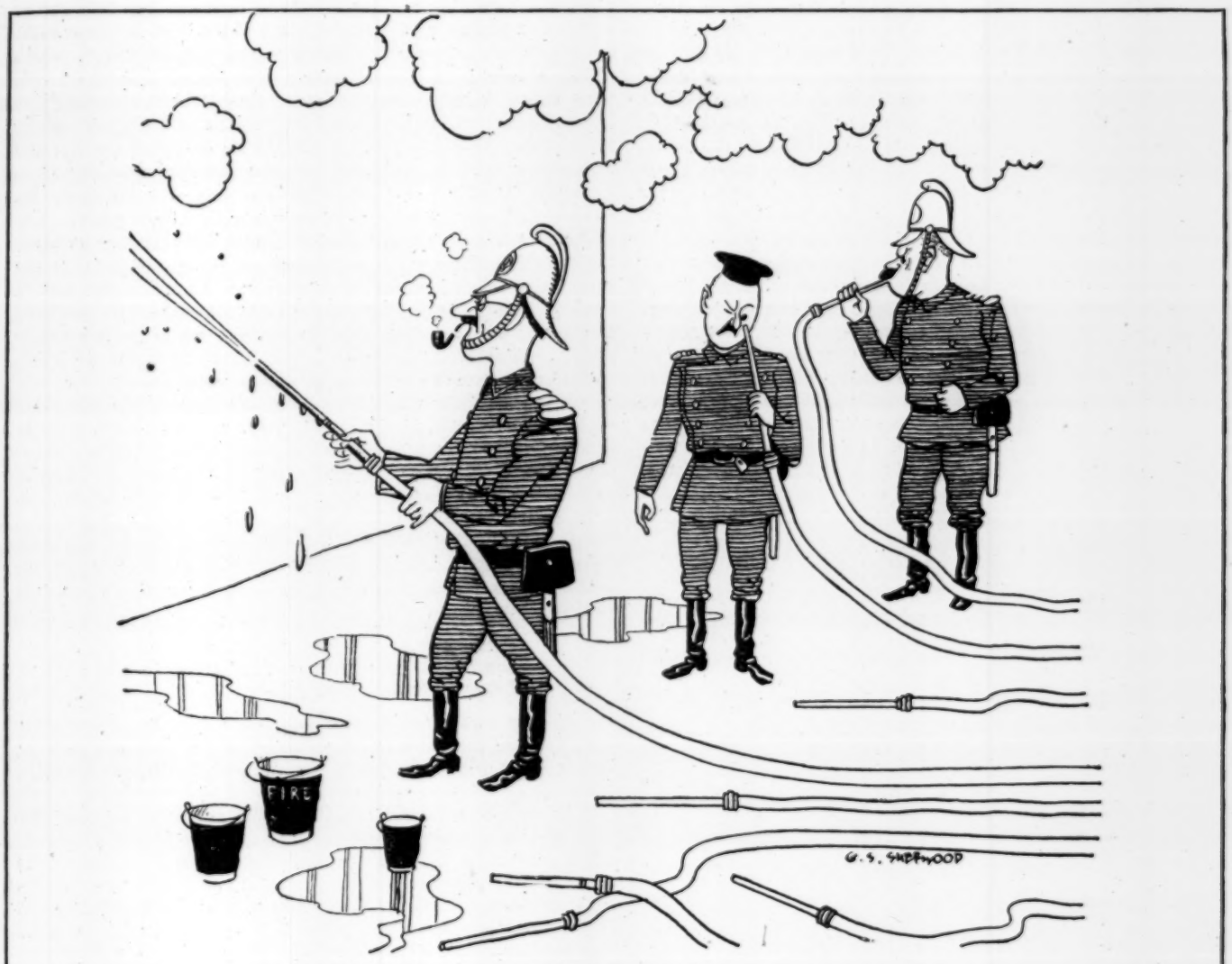
STALIN

Stalin. By H. BARBUSSE. Trans. by V. HOLLAND. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d*

This book reflects the noble enthusiasm of M. Barbusse for the Communist ideal; but it suffers, accordingly, as a critical contribution to its subject. For the result is less a serious contribution to the understanding of a man who is, on any showing, one of the most remarkable figures of the contemporary world, than an essay in unrelieved, even intemperate, hero-worship. For M. Barbusse, Stalin is a gigantic figure, always in the right, always beloved, towering above all his rivals by endless courage, relentless determination, and an intellectual realism which sees more profoundly and farther than anyone save Lenin.

No serious student of Stalin's life will deny that he has remarkable qualities. The record of his pre-revolutionary days shows courage and audacity enough for a dozen men. He has amazing tenacity, unflinching determination, an organising ability which has enabled him to build up one of the greatest political machines of all time. And the achievement, under his leadership, of Soviet Russia is, on any showing, of incomparable significance. All this justifies M. Barbusse's insistence that we are dealing, in him, with one of the outstanding figures of our generation.

But it does not justify the entire absence of any real attempt at a critical estimate. We are told little or nothing to establish the claim that Lenin, in the days just before and after the Revolution, depended on him, as on no one else; and there are vital documents on the other side. The picture of him as the man who cleaned up the mess made by Trotsky in the civil wars is now fashionable enough in Communist circles; but it is one that has mainly emerged since 1924. Few observers doubt that he made grave mistakes in relation to the Chinese revolution; here there is no serious treatment of the issues at all. That, on the whole, he was right, and Trotsky wrong, in the great debates of 1924–7 most students would now agree; but M. Barbusse's



"Still keeps going when the rest have stopped"

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY

FOR CARS AND WIRELESS

R.134

For Wireless H.T. get **Drydex** the Exide Dry Battery

From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers. EXIDE BATTERIES, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester.

Branches : London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.

account of the struggle entirely fails to discuss the harsh way in which the Opposition was handled. The fact is that M. Barbusse has written a romantic biography in the new manner rather than a contribution to history. His emotions are obviously profound and sincere; and he is justified in insisting on the savagery of the capitalists whom he indicts, the more especially as Western civilisation is largely unaware of its volume. But M. Barbusse wrote this book from his heart rather than from his head. All Communists who have remained faithful to the word are noble men; all their opponents are painted as blackguards for whom nothing is to be said. There is a fine power of invective about the approach; but it would require a much more serious weighing of the evidence than is here given to justify the simple all-or-none reaction which pervades the book.

It is a pity, for M. Barbusse's sympathy with his subject-matter is eager and convinced, and there is again and again a flash of insight such as one would expect from him. He sees, in the large, the high moral significance of the Revolution; he makes the reader feel that its larger principles open a new epoch in the history of the world. But he paints his picture with so broad a brush that he has no real sense of the complexity of the issues he discusses. He has written a pamphlet which will edify the faithful; but he will rarely impress, and certainly fail to convince, anyone who has not already accepted the dogmas to which he is committed.

HAROLD J. LASKI

AUTUMN VERSE—I

Poems. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.

Second Hymn to Lenin. By HUGH MACDIARMID. *Stanley Nott.* 3s. 6d.

Poems. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

There is a publishing season even for verse, and the dozen or so volumes which have collected already are too much at odds to be packed into a single review. So I have left Mr. Sassoon and the other English poets, new and old country, for a later week.

Mr. Archibald MacLeish is an interesting figure among contemporary American poets—interesting, but for an English reader, little more. Why is it that so much of his work, accomplished and even up to a point individual, seems only half there? Lack of technique? Partly. We are aware, too, of second-rate influences, such as E. A. Robinson and Conrad Aiken, which strike us coldly. But the difficulty goes deeper than that; it is none other, in fact, than the old "international situation" of Henry James, shifted now from the novelist to the poet. While Hemingway discreetly vanishes behind his world of tourists and underdogs, only occasionally emerging as the spectator of a bull-fight, the *literary* character of the poet—his aloofness, his culture and perplexity—is still underlined on every page. The more *terre à terre* the novel, the "purer" the poem—hardly a trace of that Elizabethan impact which is supposed to be the prerogative of current American speech. To reach *that* sort of vitality, it seems, an artist must start from the bottom, the novelists graduating as reporters, Disney working up from the comic strip; and against this the poet sets his rather faded tradition, with escapes into Whitmanism or literary experiment.

"It is a strange thing to be an American," writes Mr. MacLeish—strange, of course, for a poet; he wants to see Chartres through the eyes of the old world and to feel a nostalgia for America at the same time ("America is alone and the gulls calling"); and in each case he impresses us not with what he is feeling, but with what he would like to feel. The professional status of the poet, his place in the literary scale, obviously bothers him as something he must live up to, and though he daren't crash out a "we are the music-makers," that is what—in the mildest personal terms—he tries to say offhand:

> These alternate nights and days, these seasons
> Somehow fail to convince me. It seems
> I have the sense of infinity . . .

It is a pity that *bêtises* of this sort reveal Mr. MacLeish more forcibly than the authentic expressions of his dilemma. He is, almost academically, of his own time and place: America, 1920.

Nevertheless, particularly in the shorter poems, he does achieve a genuine impressionism, the momentary vision linked to a mood which flutters us in much the same way as the wandering notes of a Debussy prelude. In his case it is half-way to strumming, and, personally, I find that his sensitiveness is better suited to this kind of writing—the "tone poetry" of the vers-librists—than to the more ambitious attempts at narrative or dramatic monologue. Few of the fragments in themselves are memorable, yet they can be re-read with pleasure and, taken together, they make their effect. Since Mr. MacLeish is obviously a writer with whom I have not much sympathy, I quote a poem, *The End of the World*, which has been highly praised by American critics:

> Quite unexpectedly as Vasserot
> The armless ambidextrian was lighting
> A match between his great and second toe
> And Ralph the Lion was engaged in biting
> The neck of Madame Sossmann while the drum
> Pointed, and Teeny was about to cough
> In waltz-time swinging Jacko by the thumb—
> Quite unexpectedly the top blew off:
> And there, there, overhead, there, there hung over
> Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,
> There in the starless dark the poise, the hover,
> There with vast wings across the canceled skies
> There in the sudden blackness the black pall
> Of nothing, nothing, nothing—nothing at all.

Here he succeeds in achieving a certain lightness and suspension, but the technique seems to me hopelessly inadequate—those repetitions, for example, weigh far too heavily.

Verse comes more naturally to Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid—verse of all kinds, good and bad, English or Scots, verbal abracadabra dug out of the dictionary. In *Second Hymn to Lenin* he appears as the straightforward verse pamphleteer: subjects mostly political. Personal love and political hatred make for liveliness in a poet, and Mr. MacDiarmid's passionate exuberance carries off much careless writing. He lets his impulse blow through good and bad equally; *bad* verse, one might almost say, is part of his equipment as a poet, so that one is not shocked by it or disposed to question what he has to say. *At the Cenotaph*, for example, begins effectively:

> Are the living so much use
> That we need to mourn for the dead?

How to use your Bank

It pays the Bank to be used by its customers, though many of its services cost the customer nothing at all. It is therefore the Westminster Bank's policy to popularise its services by issuing from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is glad to be used. Amongst its publications are the following: *Points before Travelling*, notes on the Protection of Travellers from Loss. *Thirty-nine Advantages* of an Account with the Bank. *Securities*, their Custody and Supervision. The *Income Tax* of Customers and Shareholders. *Forward Exchange*, the bulwark against changing Rates. *Cruising* with Travellers Cheques. *Wills*, the Bank as an Executor

Copies may be had at any local branch office of

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

2 Outstanding Bargains

MONSIEUR NICOLAS
(THE HUMAN HEART UNVEILED)

Edited and with an introductory Essay by

HAVELOCK ELLIS

"One of the three greatest autobiographies in literature."

6 VOLS. ORIGINALLY £15-15-0. NOW **£6-6-0**

***

EASTERN ANTHOLOGY

THE LOVE LITERATURE—PROSE & POEM —of India, Persia, Arabia, China, Japan, etc., etc.

Collected and Translated by

E. POWYS MATHERS

4 VOLS. ORIGINALLY £11-11-0. NOW **£5-0-0**

CIRCULARS on request.

***

SIMPKIN MARSHALL LTD.
STATIONERS' HALL COURT, LONDON, E.C.4.

N F R B

No one should miss

FACTS & FIGURES

Specially prepared for the General Election

Inequalities of Income
Direct and indirect taxation
Rearmament: our "antiquated" navy
Subsidies: profits and employment
Agriculture and mining

A DAMNING EXPOSURE OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT FROM OFFICIAL AND OTHER SOURCES

6d

Other publications include

No 10	The Protection of Colonial Peoples	(1/-)
No 14	Revision of Treaties	(6d)
No 16	The Prevention of War	(6d)
No 18	Labour's Foreign Policy	(6d)
No 21	Why the U.S.S.R. Joined the League	(1/-)
No 23	Aircraft Manufacture	(6d)
No 17	Marketing Boards and Import Control	(6d)
No 22	A Socialist Budget	(6d)

Published by

VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD.
14 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2
in conjunction with
NEW FABIAN RESEARCH BUREAU
17 John Street, London, W.C.1

HUTCHINSON's
new general books

Great Days
Chiefly with rod and gun
by JOHN M. MILLING

"A delightful book . . . rich in atmosphere"—*Sunday Times* "Many vivid personal experiences"—*Dly. Telegraph* "No title could be more suggestive to kindred souls of the wealth of information and pleasure to be derived from the pages and illustrations of this excellent book"—*Edinburgh E. News* *Illustrated* 16/-

Prince von Bulow
The STATESMAN & THE MAN
by SIGMUND MUNZ

The author repeatedly spent considerable periods of time in the intimacy of the Bülow family circle, where he had every opportunity to observe and talk with Bülow and his many important visitors *With 16 illustrations* 18/-

This, Our Army
by Capt. J. R. KENNEDY

"A searching and vehement criticism"—*Times*
"Valuable constructive suggestions"—*Dly. Mail*
"It is a crushing indictment"—*Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette* *Illustrated* 9/6

One Man's Vison
by W. D. GALE

The story of Rhodesia "Mr. Gale writes lucidly"—*Morning Post* "An outstanding book"—*Current List* *Illustrated* 18/-

Time's Delinquency
by Major LEONARD HANDLEY

"Major Handley is at heart a poet and can write like one"—CECIL ROBERTS *Illustrated* 16/-

4 novels we recommend

JOHN KNITTEL'S - - **DR. IBRAHIM**
W. B. MAXWELL'S - - **TUDOR GREEN**
GRIERSON DICKSON'S - **GUN BUSINESS**
LESLEY STORM'S **STRANGE MAN'S HOME**

HUTCHINSON

—followed by :

> Or would it yield better results
> To reverse their rôles instead ?

—which provides an unconscious Clerihew. Yet even badness on this level does not altogether break the effect of Mr. MacDiarmid's delivery. One can forgive him a lot for his vigour ; his lines are always bursting—or on the point of bursting —into poetry. As he says of the storm-cock :

> What if it is only a few churning notes
> Flung out in a loud and artless way ?
> His " Will I do it ? Do it I will ! " is worth a lot
> When the rest have nothing at all to say.

Regard him as propagandist or journalist-poet—he has something to say.

Mr. Louis MacNeice, a somewhat tardy arrival in the Auden group, will be familiar to readers of the *Criterion* and *New Verse*. I do not share the very high opinion of this poet held by several critics. Much of his writing seems to reveal the group-mind and nothing more :

> The jaded calendar revolves,
> Its nuts need oil, carbon chokes the valves,
> The excess sugar of a diabetic culture
> Rotting the nerve of life and literature . . .

The mixture as before. Mr. MacNeice shares the Auden view of the world to-day, but does not accept the Communist remedy. His most original note—achieved in several poems here—is the breezy satirical lyric. Thus :

> Down the road someone is practising scales,
> The notes like little fishes vanish with a swish of tails,
> Man's heart expands to tinker with his car
> For this is Sunday morning, Fate's great bazaar,
> Regard these means as ends, concentrate on the Now
> And you may grow to music or drive to Hindhead anyhow,
> Take corners on two wheels until you go so fast
> That you can clutch a fringe or two of the windy past,
> That you can abstract this day and make it to the week of time
> A small eternity, a sonnet self-contained in rhyme.

G. W. STONIER

"PRESENTS"
of mind
Give
BOOK TOKENS
this Christmas
and let your friends choose their own gifts
3/6 · 5/- · 7/6 · 10/6 · 21/-
(or any combination of these prices) plus 3d. for an attractive greeting card bearing your name and your friend's.
Booksellers will be pleased to give further information.

FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN

Selected Essays and Critical Writings. By A. R. ORAGE. *Nott.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book was, of course, bound to come : when a journalist of distinction dies, someone, it is clear, will have to examine his effects and decide whether there is anything for posterity. Mr. Herbert Read and Prof. Saurat have gone through the non-political writings of A. R. Orage, and extracted a fair-sized book of scraps. What is its value ?

Well, it is very good reading for the most part, and reveals, besides, a high standard in art and life, a delight in ideas, and some plain sense, uncertain but recurrent ; while its chief defects are confusion of thought, confusion of language, and excessive self-consciousness.

We find an air of unflinching cerebration, but not much of the reality. Take this, for example : " We have all felt considerable emotion and experienced many ideas from subjects which by common consent are not in the category of art at all. The conclusion to be drawn is the somewhat startling one that art has nothing to do either with emotions or with ideas." Startling he may well call it ! As for confusion of language : the amateur thinker is almost always distinguished by a fondness for using words in a Pickwickian sense—thereby persuading himself that he means something newer and more striking than the same thought, uttered normally, could seem even to him. The motive is conjectural ; but there is no doubt about the habit, nor that Orage suffered from it. He will say (to take instances at random) that " the task of being and remaining human is difficult and perilous," or that " a rose-tree that brings its roses to perfection is a moral bush." True, he could have defined his terms, and often did, but it does not follow that there was no harm in these Humpty-Dumptyish tactics—which, even if not beginning in confusion, nearly always end there.

Orage seems to have had, essentially, a youthful mind : he was prone to eager discipleship, easily intoxicated by a point of view, and the devoted victim and prophet of half-truths. For instance, the half-truth that " style is the man "—and therefore the invention of writing was a kind of second Fall. On this theme he never wearies. Before script, he says, the artist " had to be able to capture, hold and direct the attention and sympathy of his listeners by the use of his personality, his presence and the range and power of his vocal and other resources. These demands, taken together, called for a Man." It seems clear that they may have called rather for an Actor. Supposing that style *is* the man (in which case, of course, a man, if not a Man, is still equally called for), " man " does not, surely, mean " a gesticulating figure "—yet that was how Orage tended to translate the theory into practice, by making an intrusive, sometimes waggish use of the letter I. Literature, he thought, must be *personal* expression, and no doubt it must ; but the really personal, like the really original, can dispense with self-advertisement, and this " I " note, though evidently brought in on purpose, clashes with Orage's line of lofty dogmatism and insistence on the absolute.

On Love and the Soul he should hardly have been reprinted ; such themes show him at his worst, muddled yet positive, observing that " we have seen " something highly doubtful when he means he has already stated it, and addressing his audience as " my sons and daughters." The section called *The Art of Reading* is far better. Dropping larger issues, he will talk excellent sense on " an Irish national literature " ; he is at once neat and sound about Kipling, whose " admiration of workmen—particularly of workmen who talk wi' deeficulty—amounts to snobbery," and about Shaw, whose reaction to the Gospels " his readers might have guessed before they ever saw it set to work. It is that Jesus was an early forerunner of the modern founder of the Fabian Society—a man, that is, uncommonly like Mr. Shaw himself in his virtues, but with weaknesses which his successful disciple has been too wise to share." He did not always choose objects worthy of his satire ; the editors have unwisely included a long jocose attack on the style of an article by one Colonel Repington. And even the " good observes " above quoted are not, obviously, for all time. There is, in fact, a live, evanescent quality about these extracts ; they are food for discussion rather than for thought, and will be gone by to-morrow —posterity will get nothing from this excellent journalist. So let us, not as yet being posterity, enjoy the fragments that remain. They have been dished up most attractively, but they should (to drop the metaphor) have been dated ; the date often does not matter, but from time to time it is essential.

K. JOHN

Mr. H. G. WELLS says: *"A very interesting and amusing document indeed"*

ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS'

SIMPLE STORY

Written fearlessly and frankly, this outspoken autobiography will prove one of the most discussed for a long time. *Illustrated* 18/-

A new novel by the same author

HOTEL EXIT

A Companion volume to

"NIGHT IN THE HOTEL" 7/6

I SPIED FOR FRANCE

by MARTHE RICHER

"Dramatically told and admirably translated."—*News Chronicle*. "Keeps the attention breathlessly through the whole work."—*Observer*. 18/-

JOHN LONG

Just published

The Agricultural Dilemma

A Report of an Enquiry organised by VISCOUNT ASTOR and Mr. B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE.

2s. 6d.

The possibilities of increasing the agricultural population of Great Britain are here discussed from a wide perspective against the background of world agricultural conditions on the one hand, and of the industrial difficulties of Great Britain on the other. The book will be indispensable to political candidates, speakers and students of affairs in the forthcoming political controversy.

P. S. King & Son, Ltd.
Westminster

64,283 LIVES SAVED AT SEA

A PROUD RECORD

Founded in 1824—supported entirely by voluntary contributions—thousands of men, women and children saved from shipwreck—and never a call that goes unheeded. What prouder record than this?

Your help, too, is needed in this work—your contribution large or small.

The Life-Boat Service costs £250,000 yearly. What can you afford to send?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

THE ASIATICS

By

Frederic Prokosch

"An amazing book. I don't know of any other novel at all like it—in its device of using *travel* much as an historical novel uses *history*. It is as rich as tapestry. I simply gobbled it."—SINCLAIR LEWIS

"Asia through Prokosch's eyes is the grand romance I've been looking for all my life."—S. P. B. MAIS

"Prokosch seems to me a poet who is constantly becoming a realist through his curiosity in human nature, and that makes his sense of beauty curiously ironic and touching. The book has haunted me." —HUGH WALPOLE

8s. 6d. net

CHATTO & WINDUS

THREE QUEENS

Mary Tudor. By BEATRICE WHITE. *Macmillan.* 15s.
The Letters of Queen Elizabeth. Edited by G. B. HARRISON. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.
The Queen of Scots. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Trans. by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

These three books exemplify three different methods of historical biography. Contemporary sources—State documents, letters, accounts—supply the accurate detail from which is constructed Miss White's strong, balanced portrait of Mary of England; but it is a portrait, and not a mere bright chronological mosaic, because all this detail is doubly fused in a unity of perception and of character. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, does no more than append to his selection of Queen Elizabeth's letters a swift explanation of the changing background that engendered them. Herr Zweig gives the impression of using facts as means rather than observing them as things in themselves. Where Miss White, painting in the medium of her own imaginative understanding, respects the objective personality of Mary Tudor: where Mr. Harrison is content to let the image of Elizabeth appear variously and innumerably reflected in the facets of her words, Herr Zweig subordinates the figure and the given actions of Mary Stuart to his interpretation, through which she moves mistily accompanied by "Mother Nature," "Dame History" and a crowd of their attendant "wights," "caitiffs" and "nincompoops."

Of the three queens, or rather—since Elizabeth was a far greater statesman, and Mary Stuart a far more romantic leader—of the three women, Mary Tudor, Bloody Mary, stands out as incomparably the noblest. At fifteen she was exiled from the secure magnificent childhood of a King's daughter, and separated from her mother, ill-treated, beloved and austere; at seventeen she was publicly declared a bastard; throughout the years of her adolescence she was continually humiliated by the bitter parvenue malice of Anne Bullen. It is not surprising that, as Miss White points out, Mary's passionate loyalty to her mother should concentrate itself, that mother dead, on the religion by which she had lived. Inflexible in resisting attacks upon her faith—"Death" she said "shall be more welcome than life with a troubled conscience"—she learnt to insulate herself from the pressure of opinion; a mental process essential to solitary fidelity, but fatal to successful government. Thus, for instance, when she came to the throne, though the English hatred of Spain was daily reiterated to her, she ignored it to "marry as God shall direct our choice" Philip II, a man of her mother's nation and creed. Again, in restoring Catholicism, she acted with the haste and violence of individual obedience to rigid principle; she did not think of considering the effects of her decision on the living minds of the mass of men. Miss White holds, however, that the part she played in the heresy-hunting considered so natural in her generation by Protestant and Catholic alike was one of acquiescence rather than of initiation. In private she was gentle and compassionate throughout her unhappiness as a girl, a neglected wife, a barren woman.

To turn from this sad, steadfast figure to her sister is to leave a character for a mass of characteristics; Elizabeth's letters, trenchant, formal, familiar, learned, flowery, angry, or heavily playful, show what she was like, but not what she was. She had a passion for nicknames; Anjou was "my dearest Frog," Dudley was "Two Eyes," Lady Norris "mine own Crow." She was extremely skilled in writing series of words to which no definite meaning could be attached. She was vacillating, mean, and vain. One can label her qualities; but it is almost impossible to become directly aware of that centre of being whence they radiated. A flash or two may perhaps be discerned in the curious tone of her letters of condolence; one, to Lady Paget, whose daughter has died, runs: "Call to mind, good Kate, how hardly we Princes can brook of crossing our commands; how ireful will the Highest Power be (may you be sure) when murmurings shall be made of his pleasingest will." Again, she writes to Lady Drury, whose husband has been killed fighting in France in Elizabeth's service, "Be well ware, my Bess, you strive not with divine ordinance . . . lest you offend the highest Lord" (with whom, one may surmise, the writer felt herself to be upon a princely equality).

Herr Zweig has given an excessively theatrical air to his life of Mary Queen of Scots. The book is prefaced by a list of "Chief Persons of the Drama" and filled with such phrases as "the sacred right of woman to love and to be loved," "the directive will of history" and "the curtain now rises on the most sinister act in the drama of Mary Stuart." The translators add a fine fancy-dress flavour of their own, since they prefer to express themselves in terms of "in thrall," "for the nonce," and (a grand sentence) "he rode hell-for-leather, and engaged in other exhausting bodily exercises." It is impossible, without reference to the original German, to compute to what degree they have altered the verbal atmosphere of Herr Zweig's work; if one can judge, however, by their rendering of two lines of Ronsard, the difference must be immense. Here are the lines:

> Le jour que votre voile aux vents se recourba
> Et de nos yeux pleurants les vostres déroba. . . .

Here is a simple translation:

> The day that your sail bent to the winds
> And robbed our weeping eyes of yours, . . .

Here is their version

> The day whereon the breeze did fill the sails
> Of the galleon which snatched you from our streaming eyes. . .

Neither accuracy nor rhythm is served.

For those who can endure the irritations of an 1860 Gothic style of writing, and a loudly dramatic style of thought, this book will provide a vivid narrative of the extraordinarily exciting life of Mary Stuart. Herr Zweig believes, for reasons which seem most adequate, in the authenticity of the Casket Letters; he loves Mary: he is sorry for Darnley: he is fascinated by Bothwell; and he dislikes Queen Elizabeth, though he remarks, rather oddly, that she "was never the ruler of England" but only "the carrier out of the folk-will."

RENÉE HAYNES

SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL

Science and the Supernatural. A Correspondence between ARNOLD LUNN and J. B. S. HALDANE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

The first part of this book is controlled by Mr. Lunn's attack on the "dogmatism" of scientists. "All I am concerned to prove is that scientists have a very different idea of what constitutes adequate evidence from the notions common in Catholic circles." He develops it mainly in four ways: (1) Fossil evidence is inadequate to show the origin of species or to exclude the possibility of special creation; (2) the theory of natural selection alone does not account for the evolution of the great phyla; (3) the argument from design is not overthrown by admitted imperfections or mutations; (4) scientists dogmatically deny, without bothering to examine the evidence, that miracles and spiritualist phenomena are due to supernatural agency.

The obsequiousness and frequency with which Mr. Lunn presses non-"Huxleyite" scientists into his service invalidates his own distrust of scientific dogmatism; and a gratuitous personal attack on Darwin's style, methods and integrity adds no grace to the imperfections of his own letters. By comparison Professor Haldane's are generous and well written; and his temperate scepticism, even in scientific theory, is ill-rewarded by a sudden attack for being sceptical. In the nineteenth letter he wisely tries to change the direction of the argument with a criticism of the five proofs of the existence of God given by St. Thomas Aquinas in the *Summa Theologica*.

Now although it is asserted by a decree of the Vatican Council that "the existence of God can be demonstrated by natural reason," it is not and never has been a doctrine of the Church that the existence of God *has been* so demonstrated—St. Thomas's arguments are not held to be incontestably valid; and further in understanding the decree latitude is necessary in the interpretation of "demonstrated." Professor A. E. Taylor has pointed out that the "decree was not meant to legitimate suspense of assent until the demonstration has been produced and found satisfactory"; but equally it was not meant to justify exaggerated claims for extant Catholic philosophy. Mr. Lunn seems to have a terrifying trust in the Thomistic arguments—a trust which, as Professor Haldane says, is thoroughly unscientific. The arguments only have meaning to a mind which accepts the scholastic terminology. Rather than explain that scholasticism is a difficult lore which opponents must accept as the ground of controversy, a Catholic should either undertake a full translation of them into other terms, or, if admitting this to be impossible, fight with other weapons. Mr. Lunn has not resolutely in this part of the book taken either course; and in an earlier side-issue about transubstantiation he is content merely to give a short statement of scholastic doctrine as his main defence.

SHEED AND WARD

RONALD KNOX

Barchester Pilgrimage

Large Cr. 8vo. 288 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

Father Knox arrives in a Barchester in which automobiles of high horse-power have replaced horses; but he possesses the piety of his Trollope, and remains faithful both to his irony and to his atmosphere.

C. S. LEWIS

The Pilgrim's Regress

Cr. 8vo. 256 pp. 5s. net. (First published by Messrs. Dent.)

This is not a contradiction of "Pilgrims's Progress"; nor is it only a modern version of it; since the pilgrim, at the end of his journey, finds the home which he left in childhood.

AMINTORE FANFANI

Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism

Cr. 8vo. 224 pp. 6s. net.

G.K.'s Weekly calls this "a scholarly thesis"; the *Times Literary Supplement* speaks of its "ripe scholarship"; and the *Baptist Times* of "it's wealth of learning." It has, in fact, erudition on a subject where erudition is of more value than controversy.

JACQUES MARITAIN

Freedom in the Modern World

Trans. Richard O'Sullivan, K.C. Cr. 8vo. 225 pp. 6s. net.

Some see in this conspicuous proof of M. Maritain's "power to discern spiritual realities"; others (perhaps for this reason) find that it gives them a refreshing outlook on politics.

31, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

An exhibition of unique appeal for all who find pleasure in books and the varied aspects of contemporary Literature

Sunday Times BOOK EXHIBITION

Organised with the assistance of the National Book Council

DORLAND HALL

Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1

Nov. 4 - 18

To be opened on Monday, November 4th at 2.45 p.m.
by H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE

Special Features

Comprehensive display of all the newest books; Library of books selected by prominent people; Addresses by eminent authors; Various working exhibits of book printing and book binding

A full list of speakers will be announced in the Sunday Times

Open Daily 11 a.m.—7.30 p.m.

Except Sundays (Wednesdays and final day 11 a.m.—9 p.m.)
ADMISSION 1/- (*After 6 p.m. 6d.*)

It seems to me that the essential point of debate is not what is legitimate evidence, but what is a legitimate hypothesis; and I wish Professor Haldane had clarified the issue by making this distinction at length. Early in the correspondence he says: "from the scientific point of view, a hypothesis which cannot be tested by the fact that it enables us to predict a previously unpredictable phenomenon is a mere set of words." But when he says that he will not conduct experiments in telepathy by being repeatedly drunk, for fear of ruining his health, he is acting on a hypothesis about the respective merits of these courses of quite a different kind from that which he would employ in studying plant genetics. The first involves a theory of value and probability, the second of probability only. The second is susceptible to mathematical treatment, and the first not. He implies that there are legitimate hypotheses which cannot strictly be called scientific, just as he explicitly states elsewhere that he holds certain things to be probable, though their probability is not susceptible to mathematical treatment. It is exactly with this area of hypothesis that natural theology is properly concerned: and this is the field of conflict between supernaturalists and their opponents.

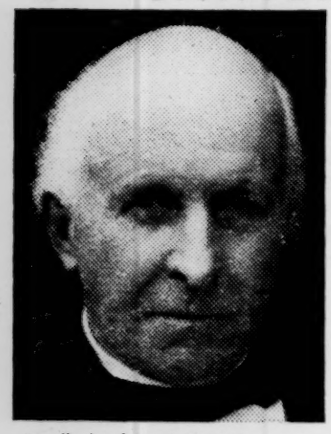
I am simply astounded to find Mr. Lunn suddenly saying: "The only case which I am trying to establish in this book is that spirits both good and bad exist, and from time to time modify the effects of natural law": for I can find no coherent argument of any kind tending to this result. HUMPHRY HOUSE

SHORTER NOTICE

The Rise of the Stewarts. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. *MacLehose.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here is the story of the Stewarts from the arrival of Walter Fitzalan at the court of David I to the Battle of Flodden, told from the Scottish point of view. Miss Mackenzie makes out a brave case for the most unlucky of families, perhaps, if fate really is character, a little too brave. It is natural that Scots, looking at the sordid present, shonld dwell regretfully on what might have been had Scotland retained her ancient, separate, and individual place in the counsels of Europe. For English readers it is salutary to see how poor a figure their country cuts *vis-à-vis* Scotland in the Middle Ages, as we watch the chicanery of our diplomacy from the other side of the border and through the eyes of so gallant and knowledgeable a partisan as Miss Mackenzie.

His Grace
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



writes:

"The Cancer Hospital deserves all the help which can be given to it in its ceaseless endeavours to combat this scourge by patient research into its causes and by skilled and sympathetic treatment of those who suffer from it."

There in no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. Is will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of The Cancer Hospital.

Please send a gift to the Earl of Granard.

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)
FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W.3

Week-end Competitions

No. 294

Set by H. L. Morrow

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a guinea for a dialogue of not more than 300 words between a male and female highbrow during the *première* of a Mickey Mouse film, the dialogue to be strictly relevant to what is being shown on the screen. Extra marks for film jargon of the more joyfully absurd kind. The whole, however, to have an air of deep solemnity.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 8th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 292

Set by Raymond Mortimer

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of not more than ten lines, and preferably not ironical, giving reasons for taking a cheerful view of the future of Europe.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

The surprising optimism revealed by the numerous entries to this competition appears to be sincere, but in most cases it seems based less on "reasons" than on temperament. The League of Nations proves the most usual ground for cheerfulness. One or two competitors derive from Karl Marx a sure and certain hope that what they want to happen will happen. Totodeti is the best in this sort. Another gaily writes:

> Our politicians—although their lives they may cherish—
> One day have to die—then poverty could perish.
> The bright sun of Capitalism must set
> And war will come to an end, I bet,
> When all dictators have gone to Hell—
> Grave, 'tis thy victory! Thou'lt take us as well.

On the other hand "Optimist" comforted himself with our national climate:

> And England's safe among her mists
> In spite of you damned Socialists.

Helen sent in some good verses on the theme that the human race has only been going for a very short while, Raglan Somerset is neat and witty, and Short Slip is *surréaliste*:

> All barred and wrapped, just like a moonlight soap,
> Behold OS. MOS., dark Europe's daylight hope!

I recommend for the first prize Zilch:

FIRST PRIZE

It is a fact for which quite a lot can be said
That, after a number of unfortunate people are gassed, bombed and otherwise unpleasantly Dead,
Europe will not have changed much.
It may be a little worse or a little better.
Which, is no unduly important matter.
For many of us there will continue to be women, sun, cafés, music, old cities.
The fact that the dead won't see them is admittedly
A thousand pities.

ZILCH

Those who find this view too stoical may find comfort in Mr. H. C. Riddell's quatrain which I recommend for the second prize:

SECOND PRIZE

Reflections of a European on Reasons for Hope of a reasonably good future for Europe.

> I do not lust for money, power, or land;
> I do not think Dictatorship is grand;
> I think that truth is truth and lie is lie—
> And there are many better men than I.

H. C. RIDDELL

Your Candidate calling!

Some weeks ago we made a full confession of our cunning as copy-writers. With a General Election timed as a sort of nine days' wonder after Guy Fawkes we feel that this is the right moment to come out in the open and declare ourselves politically. What are we—Conservative, Liberal, Labour, or just nothing?

We are men's tailors. That fact alone is enough to prove a die-hard conservatism, for is there anything in the world more conservative than an English suit?

Are we liberal? Dare any first-class tailor be otherwise' for does not skimpiness mean destruction to tailoring which puts comfort above all else?

Do we uphold the labour standard? Most certainly we do. None is too high for Goss. As capitalists we are chicken-feed. Nevertheless we make our tiny contribution to labour in encouraging first-grade craftsmanship by paying for it.

So having made our position abundantly clear we seek election—as your tailor. Without coining brilliant slogans like—" You want the best suits—we have them!" or " Goss is good for you," we say simply that our claim to your confidence rests on these facts: (1) that the Goss brothers and Mr. Whitehouse do all the measuring, cutting and fitting themselves; (2) only first-class sewing tailors are employed; (3) by asking every customer to pay cash and by having modest, first-floor premises, very moderate charges are made possible for the highest quality materials throughout, tailored by experienced craftsmen.

Already many readers of this journal express their confidence in us at more or less regular intervals. Some come thousands of miles—perhaps not for the sole purpose of calling on us—and we are always ready, if circumstances demand, to come along to a customer's office or house to measure or to fit Goss clothes.

Our previous effusion made a special reference to overcoats, but at this moment the elements are playing a mean trick on tailors who should normally be working overtime on winter wear. However, a meaner trick no doubt awaits the procrastinator, for one morning very soon he will rise shivering from his bed and wish that he had made that call on Goss.

A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing no more than Six Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas. Whatever you pay the standard of Goss workmanship is the same.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City 7159*

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

THE EMPIRE AND THE AIR

Below are extracts from the speech of the chairman (Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes), at the Annual General Meeting of Imperial Airways Ltd., on Thursday, 31 October 1935

The Chairman said:

¶ 'We have been informed officially of the Government's decision that our Company is to continue as the Government's chosen instrument for the development of the existing Empire lines

¶ The Government has decided, as a matter of principle, that in the future letter mails within the Empire will, as far as is practicable, be carried by air

¶ With the knowledge and consent of the Government, we have placed orders for new aircraft. . . . The standard of accommodation for passengers will be superior to anything yet seen in aircraft

¶ During last year, and taking the Continental routes in and out of London as a whole, our Company carried more passengers than all the foreign air companies put together

¶ During the year under review, Imperial Airways and its subsidiary and associated companies flew a total of over 3,500,000 miles; for the current year this figure will probably exceed 6,000,000 miles, representing an average of nearly 17,000 miles per day

¶ The through service from England to Australia has now been in operation for about ten months, and the traffic, particularly mails, has grown to an extent that warrants an increase of frequency from once a week to twice a week

¶ We started the England–India service in our financial year 1929–30. Taking that year's traffic as 10 for the purpose of comparison, the total for 1933–34 had risen to 31, and for the year under review to 44. In other words, the traffic carried was over four times more than it was five years ago

¶ On the Africa service as a whole traffic has increased by 41% over the previous year

¶ Arrangements have been concluded with the Air Ministry for the establishment by the Company of an air connexion between Khartoum, on the main England–South Africa line, and Nigeria . . . The Company is now carrying out a number of experimental flights between Penang, on the main Australia route, and Hong Kong . . . It is expected that this air connexion with Hong Kong will in one way or another be continued as a permanent service'

A dividend on the Ordinary shares of the Company of 6% plus a bonus of 1%, both less tax, were declared as compared with a dividend of 6%, less tax, for the previous year. The net profit for the year was £153,769 . 3 . 1 as compared with £78,571 . 13 . 0 for the previous year

Full report on application to the Company

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LTD

Airway Terminus, S.W.1

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 149.—THE REMARKABLE MARKS

By *A. G. Stripp.*

It was near the end of Term, and the few of us who were sitting round the table in the Staff Common Room were making up our Examination Mark Lists.

"Well, that's a curious thing," said Andrews, the Mathematics Master. "Just look at the marks these four boys have got."

(Andrews, I may say, is an enthusiast for Mental Arithmetic, and if there's any peculiarity about a number or a set of numbers, you may be sure he'll see it. So we looked to see what his latest discovery was.)

"I see that Keith's Geometry mark is the same as Norman's Algebra mark, and that Leonard's Geometry mark is the same as Martin's Trigonometry mark," said Bailey. "There's nothing very surprising in that. Four subjects, each marked out of 30, lowest combined total 60, highest 90—is that what you mean?"

"Well, it's something," said Andrews.

"Each boy's marks for Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry respectively," said Chapman, "are in descending order."

"The four boys are in the same order of merit in each of the four subjects," remarked Davies, "and the four marks in each subject are in Arithmetical Progression."

"One boy's marks are all prime numbers," added Elliott.

"Good," replied Andrews. "And there's still something else."

"Something that only a mathematician would see, I suppose," said someone.

"Well, perhaps so," admitted Andrews. "The fact is that the sum of the squares of two of each boy's marks is the same as the sum of the squares of his other two marks."

"I'll take your word for that," said Chapman; but Elliott, after scribbling on a piece of paper for a few moments, said, "Yes, it's quite true."

"I say, Andrews," asked Davies; "Surely there can't be many sets of sixteen numbers such that all these relations exist among them?"

"There's only the one set," replied Andrews.

What were the sixteen marks, and in what order of merit were Keith, Leonard, Martin and Norman?

PROBLEM 147.—THE BRIDGE FIENDS

This was a difficult problem. It looks like an ordinary card problem, at first blush, but, though the technique of Bridge enters into it, it is primarily a problem in probability.

What we have to find, first, is two suit-distributions which have the same *a priori* probability. Our calculations are much simplified by the fact that we know one of them to include *one* Club, and the other *two* Clubs, while the hand is void of Spades.

The only distributions possible are:

—8—3—*2*—0
—7—5—*1*—0

and

—10—2—*1*—0
—10—1—*2*—0

the figures italicised representing Clubs.

But the latter pair is excluded from consideration by the "backchat" about blocking the Club suit. With ten trumps, only one Diamond (or Heart) and ten tricks made in Hearts *and Diamonds*, what does it matter if the Club suit is blocked or not? The hands were somewhat as follows:

Shuffleham.

♠ none ♥ A. K. Q. × × × × × ♦ A. Q. × ♣ K. Q.

Dummy.

♠ × × × × × × × ♥ none ♦ × × ♣ J. × × ×

and in any case

Shuffleham had eight trumps.

PROBLEM 146.—ANAGRAMS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. W. Anderson, Heather Brae, Forest Way, St. Mary Cray, Kent.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

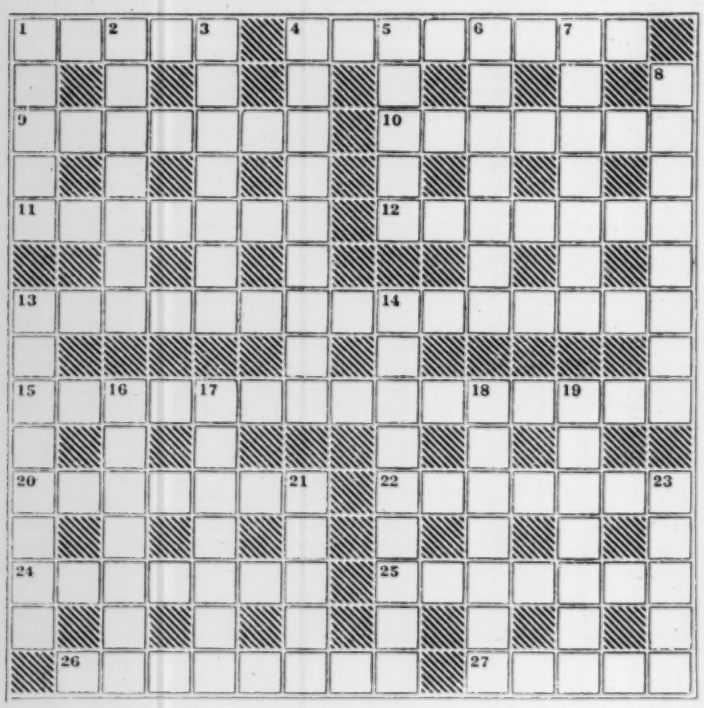
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 295

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Owen Meyrick, Thornhanger, Marlborough.

ACROSS

1. Put me in baby's bed.
4. Only a very inferior canteen would contain it.
9. Pricked in with insensible effect.
10. In this case you might expect to see the orchestra put the gloves on.
11. This fellow is no doubt a bit more loose.
12. Wind in and out as it were.
13. Pity the parson on such an impossibly long week-end.
15. Next week's Remembrance Day.
20. There is nothing in front of the barricade.
22. Choice tool for the woodman?
24. Clothed according to custom of course.
25. It's a drawback to go on out.
26. To-day's their day.
27. Do nothing to the Navy in Holland.

DOWN

1. A foot of grass.
2. A lot of fuss, usually about nothing.
3. You might expect to dip your pen in this ornament.
4. The cry at the start.
5. His wealth appears to be little more than a shilling.
6. Such jaws are not illuminating.
7. She made clothes for widows.
8. Physical straightener.
13. The scarecrow should.
14. They are venemous when they turn tail.
16. His method is still childish.
17. Merry cricketing places.
18. Roused and formerly quoted.
19. His courage is superficial
21. He begs his way religiously.
23. I go back to a beast of a dwelling.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	U	B	A	D	U	B	■	P	I	G	M	E	N	T
A	■	A	■	I	■	L	■	O	■	R	■	R	■	E
C	O	C	K	A	H	O	O	P	■	A	B	O	M	A
Q	■	K	■	P	■	W	■	S	■	S	■	D	■	R
U	S	S	R	■	O	N	T	H	E	S	H	E	L	F
E	■	T	■	S	■	U	■	O	■	G	■	■	■	U
T	E	A	S	H	O	P	■	P	A	R	T	I	A	L
■	■	I	■	O	■	■	■	■	E	■	S	■	■	■
P	O	R	K	P	I	E	■	S	T	E	L	L	A	R
E	■	■	■	W	■	X	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	E
S	T	A	Y	A	T	H	O	M	E	■	S	N	A	P
E	■	R	■	L	■	A	■	P	■	A	■	D	■	A
T	W	E	A	K	■	L	O	S	T	S	H	E	E	P
A	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	E
S	T	A	R	R	E	D	■	N	O	N	U	S	E	R

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.
ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.
APOLLO. Espionage. Wed. & Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.
GAIETY. Seeing Stars. Wed. & Sat.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Thurs. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. Please Teacher ! Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. The Unguarded Hour. Thurs., Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. A B'fly on the Wheel. Th., S.
QUEEN'S. "Short Story." Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. W., S.
ST. MARTIN'S. Coincidence. Nov. 8.
SAVOY. The Wind and the Rain. Mon., Sat.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.
WESTMINSTER. Sowers of the Hills. Sat.
WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S BEST PLAY. (ELEVENTH MONTH).

ALHAMBRA. EVGS., 6.15 & 9. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
TULIP TIME.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
GEORGE GEE, STEVE GERAY,
JEAN COLIN, SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, BERNARD CLIFTON.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3. Whitehall 2525.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production,
ESPIONAGE.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
Mats., TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 165 PERFORMANCES.

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING. BARRY JONES.
FINAL PERFORMANCE NOVEMBER 30.

DUCHESS, (Tem. 8243.) Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

GAIETY. Tem. 6991. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE HENSON in
SEEING STARS,
with FLORENCE DESMOND, LOUISE BROWNE.

GLOBE, Shaftesbury Avenue. Gerrard 1592.
Evgs., 8.15 sharp. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

GRAFTON. Warren Street Station. Mus. 1424.
MON., NOV. 4, and subs. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., SAT., 2.30.
"THE MAN WHO ATE THE POPOMACK."
By W. J. TURNER.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER !"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

KINGSWAY. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. HOL. 4032.
"RIVALS !" A LIGHT OPERA.
Produced by Vladimir Rosing.
"A VERY BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE SHOW."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

THEATRES—continued

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s.6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
PLAYS BY POETS. Sat., Tues., Wed., Fri., 8.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
Every Thurs. at 9, BALLET. (Sunday for Ballet Club).

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. EVGS., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, RACHEL BERENDT in
"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.
By E. G. Hemmerde and Francis Neilson.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517-8.
Sat., Nov. 2nd, at 8 p.m. Subs. 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, SYBIL THORNDIKE,
A. E. MATTHEWS in
"SHORT STORY."
With CYRIL RAYMOND & URSULA JEANS.

ST. JAMES'S. (Whitehall 3903).
Mon. next and Every Evg., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 & 1444.
1st Perf. Tues. next, 8.15. (Subsequently 8.30).
1st Matinee Friday, November 8th, 2.30.
COINCIDENCE.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30. (Tem. 8888.)
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. Now in its 3rd Year.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar. 2660.). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. (Vic. 0283). 9d. to 6s.
EVGS., 8.45. (Wed. 6 & 9). Mat., SAT., 2.30.
GROUP THEATRE SEASON.
SOWERS OF THE HILLS.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. Evgs., 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.
NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Awarded the Volpi Cup at Venice, 1935,
for the World's Best Screen Performance
PAULA WESSELY (of "Maskerade" fame) in
"EPISODE" (A).

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next, Nov. 4th, for Seven Days,
PAULA WESSELY in
MASKERADE (A).

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL,
Sole Lessees—Chappell & Co., Ltd.
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
(Hon. President: Lord Howard de Walden).
MONDAY NEXT, at 8.15.
Overture, Romeo and Juliet . . . . . Tschaikowsky
Symphony in F minor . . . . . Shostakovitch
Symphony No. 2 in D major . . . . . Sibelius
NIKOLAI MALKO
Tickets, 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 4s., 3s. and 2s.
At Queen's Hall, usual Agents, and
L. G. SHARPE, 25 Haymarket, S.W.1.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden), Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory
Evenings 8. Saturday, 5 & 8.15.
Libel. By Edward Wooll.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
The First Mrs. Fraser. By St. John Ervine.

LIVERPOOL. Playhouse.
Evenings, 7.45. Sat., 2.30.
Cornelius. By J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Green Grow the Lilacs. By Lynn Riggs.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Eden End. By J. B. Priestley.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

EXHIBITIONS & ART GALLERIES

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB. 50th Anniversary Exhibition, 10–5, Sats. included. 1s. Suffolk Street Galleries, 6½ Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

INTERNATIONAL
EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
Daily 10 a.m.–6 p.m. Sats., 10–1. Admission free.
The books have been chosen for their interesting subject matter and unusually good illustrations.
Sources: America, France, Germany, Austria, U.S.S.R., Holland, Sweden, etc.
All books to order for original and delightful gifts.
PAUL & MARJORIE ABBATT,
29 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1. MUS. 6768.

SHOPPING BY POST

LESLIE CLARK'S APPLES ARE PRIZE WINNERS! At Essex Commercial Fruit Show they were awarded 5 Firsts, 2 Seconds, 2 Cups, 1 Medal, 1 Piece of Plate. Worcesters, about 10 lbs., 6s. 6d. carr. pd., about 20 lbs., 10s. carr. fwd., or Bramleys 5s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. Walters Farm, Galleywood, Essex.

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Chinese chests, canister lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & Co. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10. Wigton. Cumberland.

BLANKETS — NEVER BEFORE OFFERED — Blankets which WON'T SHRINK, are MOTH-PROOF, and ODOURLESS! Guaranteed 3 years, satisfaction or money back. 8 beautiful Shades; or White; or White with Coloured Borders. All pure Lamb's wool. From 17/6 pair. Ask your Draper to show you "MODERNA" Blankets. Send p.c. for interesting FREE BOOKLET, "6 Ways to Make a Bed." YORKSHIRE SALES CORPORATION, LTD., Dept. 6, Parkwood Mills, Longwood, near Huddersfield, Yorks.

GIVE Good Cheer This Year
to Your Friends Abroad.
MACKIE'S PITCAITHLY BANNOCKS
Shortbread with almonds and peel.
In tins 2s. 10d., 5s. 4d., 8s., 10s. 6d.
Foreign postages on request.
We post your orders on the correct dates for Christmas delivery overseas.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

MOTORING

MORRIS MINOR 1933 (March) sun saloon, blue; one owner: 14,000 miles: taxed: excellent. £60. Neither swears like a trooper nor drinks like a fish, but otherwise "the pukka sahib." CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES and any other Books Bought for Cash. Best Prices Paid. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 Essex Road, N.1. (Clerk. 1807)

SELL YOUR BOOKS in the best market. Highest prices paid for review copies, etc., KIT'S BOOKSHOP, 64 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

DAVID LOW offers an excellent stock of second-hand books at moderate prices. Catalogue free; 17 Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

LZARINE. Literary Agent. No Reading Fees. Particulars, 41 Museum Street, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE CHANCELLOR'S PANIC—MANGANESE ORE—SHELL UNION AND OIL PREFERRED SHARES—SALUTE TO WALL STREET

THE grey hairs of the City fathers stood on end this week when Mr. Neville Chamberlain described the panic which would mark the return of a Labour Government. Everyone who had money in the banks, he said, would hasten to draw it out before it passed into the power of the new Socialist administrators. The prices of securities would drop like a stone: in all probability it would be impossible to sell securities at all. And London, he added, would be instantly drained of foreign money. This speech should win many votes for Labour. The poor who have no securities and no bank balances should be encouraged to vote Labour just for the fun of watching rich people behave foolishly in a panic. A run on the banks would, of course, be met by the temporary closing of bank doors, but a few soothing statements from the Government in the press and over the wireless, backed by a State guarantee of bank deposits, would quickly restore calm and common sense. The prices of securities would certainly slump, as Mr. Chamberlain said, but as confiscation and repudiation are not words in Labour's vocabulary, British Government stocks would soon find buyers at the new "bargain" prices. I hope that Mr. Chamberlain was not inviting the Stock Exchange to close down in such an emergency, for that might bring trouble on the Stock Exchange in the shape of Government control—after President Roosevelt's model. Mr. Chamberlain claimed that in the next four years, under National Government, further progress should be made with our trade recovery (Cheers). In spite of the City's cheers, British capital is daily leaving London in increasing volume for investment in Wall Street.

* * *

It happens that Great Britain is the largest exporter of armaments in the world, and the second largest exporter of manganese ore, which is used mainly by the armament and mining industries. An armament steel developed some years ago by Sir Robert Hadfield contains as much as 12 per cent. manganese. Central Provinces Manganese Ore is flourishing, and the exports of manganese ore from India in the first eight months of this year have shown an increase of 93 per cent. The wide fluctuations in this company's profits reflect the decline in manganese ore prices and the depression and subsequent recovery in the iron and steel industry. In December, 1933, the capital of the company was reduced from £1,000,000 to £500,000 by returning 10*s.* of each £1 share. In 1934, on the reduced capital, the company earned 25.2 per cent. and paid 20 per cent. tax free. Recently the company issued new shares to the extent of £50,000 to finance the construction of a ropeway. It is difficult to understand why this issue was made, seeing that the company is choked with cash, having at the end of last year surplus liquid assets of £328,000, mainly in the form of cash and Government securities, but the directors' financial policy has always been characterised by ultra-conservatism. The 10*s.* shares at 3⅞ would return a yield of 5 per cent. if dividends of 30 per cent. tax free were paid. As I write, the news comes that the price of manganese ore has been advanced from 10½*d.* to 1*s.* per unit.

* * *

On May 4th, I suggested that Shell Union Oil 5½ per cent. preferred shares, cum arrears of dividend, should not be sold at the then price of 79½. To-day they are quoted at 101 cum arrears of dividend of $23¾ per share. The advice still holds good. In the first nine months of this year this company's income from operations, before depreciation, increased by 16.7 per cent., and the amount available for the preferred shares by 702 per cent. (a lesson in "gearing"). The detailed figures, by comparison with 1934, are interesting:

Shell Union Oil.	1st Nine Months, 1934.	1st Nine Months, 1935.
Gross Operating Earnings	$145,729,986	$156,317,549
Operating and General Expenses ..	118,532,852	124,582,453
Net Income from Operations	$27,197,134	$31,735,096
Depletion, depreciation, intangibles ..	23,514,017	24,662,883
Subsidiaries' earnings due to minority stockholders	40,234	39,500
Net Profit	3,642,880	7,032,713
Interest on funded debt and notes ..	2,839,217	1,939,068
Provision for Federal income tax ..	253,642	681,995
Available for preferred shares ..	$550,021	$4,411,649

The preferred dividends only require $2,200,000 a year. Thus, the company earned its annual preferred dividend requirements twice over in the first nine months of the year. The arrears of dividends ($23¾ per share) amount to $9,350,000, and there is a "profit-and-loss" deficit on the balance sheet as at December 31st, 1934, of $17,081,141. The company at the end of this year is in honour bound to put its balance sheet in order and announce the resumption of dividends on the preferred shares. If it had not constantly over-depreciated its properties its preferred dividends might have been resumed a year ago, and if its assets were written up to their real value the deficit on the balance sheet would automatically disappear. When the dividends on the preferred shares are resumed, I anticipate a good deal of speculative buying of the common shares. There are 13,000,000 common shares outstanding and a rise of 1 cent per gallon in the price of gasoline for a year is equivalent to an increase in earnings of $1 per common share. I do not suggest that an increase in gasoline prices is an immediate possibility. The independent producers in California are still causing trouble. Just because the recent cut in Californian crude oil prices to 50 cents per barrel failed to bring them into the restriction line, the major companies (which must have Irish blood) have now restored crude oil prices to $1 per barrel. In spite of the "over-production" of crude, oil stocks in California have not increased, and in the rest of the country stocks have substantially declined this year. As no new major field has been discovered in America the prospects of the oil industry next year may still be viewed favourably.

* * *

The preferred shares, cum arrears of dividend, of some of the independent oil companies are worth attention. For example:

	Callable.	Present Price.	Dividend Arrears per Share.
Pure Oil 8% Preferred Shares ..	110	108	$21.5
Pure Oil 6% Preferred Shares ..	110	95	16.125
Skelly Oil 6% Preferred Shares ..	103	90	25.5

In the first eight months of this year the Pure Oil earned about $5 millions for the preferred shares, covering their annual dividend requirements of $2,080,000 about 2½ times over. In the same period Skelly Oil covered its preferred dividends nearly 3½ times over. If the more speculative investor wants an equity share among the oil "independents," I would advise Phillips Petroleum at 34⅜. The earnings for the first nine months of 1935 amounted to $2.37 per share against $1.01 per share in the corresponding period of 1934. The third quarter earnings were actually at the rate of $4 per share. Regular dividends of 25 cents per quarter have been paid, and in September an extra dividend of 25 cents was added. At 34⅜ the shares would yield 5.82 per cent. if dividends were increased, as seems possible, to $2 per share.

* * *

Duty has called me to New York, and for the next few weeks this page will be written from mid-ocean or from the midst of Wall Street. Our American views get out of perspective. While we are all looking with amazement at the rise in Chrysler Motors, which have trebled in market value this year, Major Angas is writing "The Coming Boom in Motors." The production of motors and trucks in America this year will be between 3,900,000 and 4,000,000. For 1936, Major Angas foresees a theoretical demand for 4,800,000 cars on a seven-year life replacement basis. If the life replacement basis were reduced to six years the potential demand, he says, would amount to 12,900,000 cars. The actual annual production capacity of the American motor industry is probably less than 6,000,000 cars. As volume expands costs will fall, and Major Angas estimates a rise in the profits of some motor companies of over 100 per cent. in 1936. He forecasts a rise in the market value of listed motor stocks from the present level of $2,500 millions to over $5,000 millions by the end of 1937—with a similar sort of rise for the motor accessory companies. These forecasts may be deadly accurate or deadly in quite another sense. At any moment Wall Street may blaze up dangerously. It will be fun to see things on the spot and keep a critical eye.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only, 5s. 6d.). With dinner 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CARLYON BAY, CORNWALL. Stn.: Par (G.W.R.). Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes. Golf; Covered and open-air tennis; Squash rackets; Hunting (3 packs); Shooting; Fishing; Badminton; Glorious Sea Coast. THE ST. AUSTELL BAY HOTEL, THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL, THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB. Also a few furnished cottages with grand sea views. Write: MANAGER, Carlyon Bay and Beaches, Ltd., Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198. London Office: 12A Charterhouse Square, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

THE LYGON ARMS, Broadway, Worcs. A Cotswold Inn famous for English cooking and comfort. Special Winter terms from Nov. to Feb., 12s. to 14s. 6d. per day. Booklet and tariff on request.

SWANAGE for winter holidays, good roads, blue seas, comfortable guest house. HAVERSTOCK, Ulwell Road. Write or 'Phone: Swanage 399.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 5½. Open all the year. Prog. Free. Tel. 26. N. S. KERR.

CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY, ROCKLANDS, EAST CLIFFS, HASTINGS. Limited to 40 guests. Inclusive terms 7s. 6d. to 9s. per day. The best of vegetarian and ordinary Christmas fare. Baths and comfort unlimited.

THE LAKES IN WINTER. Reduced rates for comfortable furnished cottages. Electric light, modern conveniences. Café Restaurant in the beautiful grounds. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Near Ambleside.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-rooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans. Now delightful: h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

WINCHELSEA IN AUTUMN. Good fires and lovely food at Petronilla's Flat. Also H. & C. water and electric fires in bedrooms. Winchelsea 24.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

CANFORD CLIFFS, Bournemouth. Ideal for Winter visitors. Delightful Guest-house, situated among the pines. Few minutes sea and golf-course. Every modern convenience. Garage. Terms moderate. "Thorsway," Haven Road. Resident Proprietress: MISS LORRAINE.

IBIZA (Baleares) Hotel-Pension in this charming old Mediterranean town. Electric light. Running water in bedrooms. Bath, Tea-room, Bar. Excellent international cuisine. Roof-terrace with magnificent view. Ideal for winter. 10 pesetas per day. FRAU SCHNEIDER-KAINER, "Ca Vostra," Calle San Luis, Ibiza.

TOSSA, SPANISH MEDITERRANEAN SEA. Lovely autumn and winter stay, recommended German-Swiss house, full board from Pesetas 12 (6s. 7d.). Write to CASA STEYER, Tossa de Mar (Gerona), Spain.

RIVIERA.—Small, comfortably furnished flat, facing south and overlooking sea. 2 bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen, bathroom. £9 per month, 5,000 francs p.a. Pension if desired. SEA HOTEL, Cap Martin, A.M.

BOARD RESIDENCE

AT 26 Norfolk Sq., W.2. Beds as comfortable as those abroad. 6s. 6d. room, bath and breakfast. Resident Proprietors. Padd. 9461.

MISCELLANEOUS

ABOLITION OF BOMBING FROM THE AIR. £10 for best original Words of Song, to rousing and familiar tune, in favour of the above. Forward by November 4, to Box 945, N. S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

DARE YOU SPEAK IN PUBLIC? Be self-confident, fluent, convincing. The famous Duxbury private tuition now available in your own home, THROUGH GRAMOPHONE RECORDS and Lesson-Brochures (7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL). Brings you a striking development in self-expression and personality. A great business and social asset—Write for Prospectus to THE DUXBURY INSTITUTE, LTD., Dept. 114, 33 Henrietta St., London, W.C.2

AUTO-INTOXICATION! Acidity, Dyspepsia, CONSTIPATION, Arthritis, RHEUMATISM, COLITIS, and all Stomachic complaints. Inquire re Professor Metchnikoff's food, New Research Company, Dept. 9, Normandy, Guildford.

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "The Unitarian Gospel." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

WOODCARVING.
L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He can make many suggestions how this rare and lovely art can fit in to the modern or period home. Photographs are available. Send for particulars. Pishill Bank, Stonor, Oxon.

LEFT THEATRE *Autumn Programme*

November 17, PHOENIX THEATRE,
"MOTHER"
(A new version of Gorki's famous novel.)
December 8. PHOENIX THEATRE,
"EASTER"
(The play which won the Left Theatre Play Competition.)

Particulars of other performances, membership and prices of seats from LEFT THEATRE, 4 Meard Street, Wardour Street, W.1. *Gerrard* 1454.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

BETTER USE OF LEISURE
AT WELWYN, a deliberately-planned small town, 30 minutes King's Cross, leisure time is saved because all the sports, amusements, meeting-places, dance-halls, etc., as well as the open country, are within 5 or 10 minutes of any house. A uniquely healthy and mentally vigorous community is the natural result. You may rent a house from £35 to £120, buy from £595 to £2,300, or take a plot and build. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

STANMORE

A Delightful Place to Live

Only 10 miles from London—yet 500 feet above sea level. A charming estate surrounded by trees. Grand views. Each house built has been designed by an eminent architect. A number of plots still for sale at prices from £250 Freehold. Apply LAWES & SON, LTD., Upcroft Avenue, Edgware.

A YORKSHIRE COTTAGE? Oak beams, ingle, orchard, a remoter field, roadside stream, the lovely Hambledons, giant peartrees with pears galore (alas! that inner man!)—who'd wish more?—Who does, write: BROUGHTON, Dalton, Thirsk, Yorks.

£225 A tiny thatched cottage in a very lovely part of a lovely county—Dorset. Dorchester, 10 miles; Sherborne, 6 miles. On outskirts of small village, right away from main roads. Water laid on. About ¼ acre freehold. Box 949, N. S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MAIDA VALE, 5 mins. Marble Arch, 15 mins. Picc. Circ., comfortably furnd. large, light, 1st-fl. flat to let. 1 rec., 3 bedrms., kit., bath. Excellent library of English and foreign books. Overlooking spacious gardens for tennis, etc. 1 yr. of lease left. Owner leaving country. Alterations to suit tenant. 3 gns. p.w. View by appt. SPENDER, 25 Randolph Cres., W.9. ABE 1763.

BACHELOR risking marriage vacates self-contained two-roomed flat in Westminster; year's agreement; rent 32s. 6d., paid until Christmas. Apply Box 944, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PEACEFUL quarters. Gentlewoman offers another, unfurnished sunny room. Kitchen communicating. Write 7 Gwendwr Road, W.14.

EAST CROYDON. Charming furnished flat. 5 min. station., splendid service Town. Ideal professional woman. Write appointment to view, 27 Bisenden Road.

LARGE comfortable furnished bed-sitting-room, W.1. Moderate terms. Museum 6954.

ATTRACTIVE BED-SIT. ROOM. business woman's Bloomsbury flat. 'Phone Ferguson, TER 3507, mornings or evenings.

LEFT THEATRE has large office room to let in central premises. Reasonable rent to suitable tenants. Apply 6 Meard Street, Wardour Street, W.1.

PARTNERSHIP

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT of London journal affords opportunity to invest £1,000 with active interest. Box 708, 8 Serle Street, W.C.2.

LOANS

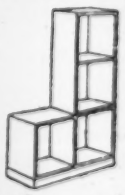
PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

CLUB

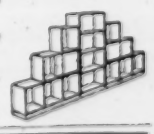
FILM CLUB. Reduced cinema seats, lectures, dance, 5s. p.a. 61 Dartmouth Road, N.W.2.

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
477 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
The new shop is on the left going towards Marble Arch, between North Audley St. and Park St.
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

The best books, pamphlets and official publications on Italy, Abyssinia, and the League can be seen at Bumpus.



UNIX *book units excel in adaptability; 100 books may be shelved in any one of 15 combinations. Only flawless, matured wood is used for* UNIX. *They start or extend at less cost than any other unit bookcase. Write for folder. The* PHOENIX, *66 Chandos St. WC2.*



The War Election 6d.

By R. PALME DUTT (author of "*Fascism and Social Revolution*") in the November
LABOUR MONTHLY

From any newsagent or 7d. post free from the Labour Monthly, 7, John Street, London, W.C.1. *Specimen copy of back issue for 1d. stamp.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - 30s. 0d.
Six months ,, ,, - - - 15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, - - - 7s. 6d.
All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *The Week-end Review*
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.